

The CANADIAN FORUM

An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts

The Conservative Impasse

Walter Filley

► THE SURVIVAL, or perhaps more accurately the *revival*, of a Canadian two-party system on the federal level hinges heavily on the future of the Progressive Conservative party. This view runs counter to the diagnoses of Professors Lipset and Macpherson in the *Canadian Forum's* issues of November-December, 1954 and January, 1955. Their contributions to the study of political parties in Canada, in these articles and in previous publications, give impetus to the tardy but growing interest in this neglected and all-important phase of the politics of democracy. As both writers emphasize, the twenty-year dominance of a Liberal party almost immune to defeat is a storm warning that the two-party system is operating at less than theoretical perfection and may be changed irrevocably.

No law, divine or secular, ordains such a bipartite arrangement for Canada. If Professor Lipset is correct in his analysis, a concealed multiparty system might better be made explicit by the adoption of proportional representation. It would be difficult to deny that the superimposition of a federal structure on parliamentary government tends to strain and distort a two-party regime, especially where nationality and regional cleavages persist. But Lipset's proposal of P.R., an electoral method which accentuates centrifugal forces rather than shared interests, seems poorly tailored for a country deficient in natural components of cohesion. Before changing over to a new and more glamorous model, many Canadians may wish to examine again the possibilities of restoring a two-party system which has favored parties broad enough in their dimensions to offset some of Canada's internal diversity.

For this task of reconstruction, the Progressive Conservatives may seem unpromising candidates. The electoral verdict of August, 1953 left their party squarely on dead centre, with a net gain of a single seat and a share of the popular vote which has fluctuated within a narrow range during the last five elections.

1935	1940	1945	1949	1953
29.8%	30.7%	27.7%	29.8%	31.1%

Yet these same figures suggest that, short of a major revision of the Election Acts or an economic disaster galvanizing

mass support for the CCF, the Conservatives form the only foreseeable alternative to a continuing Liberal hegemony. Prime Minister St. Laurent himself has admitted that he is "not sure our Parliamentary system would not be healthier if there were another party . . . which had something like the national appeal the Liberal party has had for a generation past." If Canada's voters wish to vindicate a somewhat dilapidated two-party system, the revitalization of the Conservative opposition would be the most direct and effective step in that direction.

Whether or not the Conservatives once again become front-rank contenders will depend largely on their own endeavors. Above all, the Conservative party must win back the public confidence which was dissipated chiefly by its own failure to master the arts of government in the modern Canadian setting.

For this formidable undertaking the Progressive Conservatives possess both assets and liabilities. High on the list of resources are their historical standing as a major party and their body of traditional, even hereditary voters, without which all other parties but the Liberals are severely handicapped. A modest nucleus of 51 MP's, ministerial responsibility in two provinces, including the most populous, a national party organization, notoriously weak in certain areas but extending from coast to coast and supplemented by financial means and a partisan press, constitute added factors of strength in which the Conservative party surpasses the CCF and Social Credit by a wide margin.

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Current Comment

Politics and the Yalta Papers

The Yalta papers will be discussed for a great many years to come. As this is written few have found the time to read in detail the sixty pages of newsprint which they occupied in the *New York Times*. The decision of the State Department to release them at this particular moment, however, was itself an act of national and international significance. The almost universal assumption has been that their release was intended to supply material which the Republican Party could use to embarrass the Democratic Party at a time when the preliminaries of the 1956 Presidential election are beginning to loom on the horizon. The conclusion is inescapable that the pressures of domestic politics were the foremost consideration influencing the State Department's decision. It is hard to believe that the papers were released to aid historians by an administration that has never before manifested any serious concern for scholarship. The Department's curious behavior in first leaking the papers to the *New York Times* and proposing to send copies to twenty-four members of Congress who would certainly have made public portions of the record, and then releasing the full record only after the protests of several newspapermen and influential Republican Senators, clearly suggests a desire to have their cake and eat it too. By following this course the Department could disavow official responsibility in view of the indignation that was bound to be aroused abroad by full publication and appease the wing of the Republican Party that has long been clamoring for a revelation of the secrets of Yalta. Senators Knowland and Bridges were not to be appeased, so the papers were released, although less than a week before the State Department had asserted that it would not be "in the interests of national security" to do so.

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The State Department's hesitant behavior, the quick insistence of leading Republicans that — fantastically — the President knew nothing of the jockeying over release of the documents, and the silence of Eisenhower Republicans in the debate over their contents tells us unmistakably who wanted the documents published. Skill in the art of diplomacy, which requires privacy and discretion for its exercise, is usually held to be associated with aristocratic conservatism. (Churchill's behavior at Yalta certainly supports this view.) "Open covenants openly arrived at" has been a liberal-

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WAVY

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Perhaps we should regard hockey as just a game, after all, and the international matches as merely playful tests of prowess between two groups of over-grown boys. Or is this too much to expect in a country where the suspension of a professional hockey player can precipitate a riot? D.M.F.

Canadian Calendar

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In February the Speaker decided that the Commons is bound to accept the word of a cabinet minister when he states that the disclosure of any requested information would not be in the public interest. This put the government one up in its perpetual struggle with the opposition since the Conservatives had been trying to force the Minister of Transport to table correspondence which he claimed was not in the public interest.

Somewhat nettled by a subsequent uncomplimentary reference to his decision made by a Conservative M.P. outside the House, the usually urbane Speaker, Mr. Rene Beaudoin, brought the M.P. to heel and began to tighten the observance of the rules of procedure in the Commons. On March 14 he politely but sternly informed the House that 16 oral questions asked that day were not in accordance with the rules. The admonition was pointed since all of the questions but one were put by the opposition, including two by Mr. Drew and Mr. Coldwell.



St. Paul and Epicurus

BY NORMAN WENTWORTH DEWITT

Professor Emeritus of Latin, Victoria College, Toronto

A study of the hidden parallelisms and the unacknowledged adaptations of Epicurean teachings in the writings of Paul. The author's thesis is that Epicureanism functioned as a bridge of transition from Greek philosophy to the Christian religion. A book of the first importance. \$4.00.

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Canada 5 — Russia 0

Coach Warwick panted into the microphone: "We won folks! We beat 'em! With God's help we took 'em!"

And seemingly all Canada echoed with pride and righteous bombast at the victory of the Penticton V's. As a *Globe and Mail* writer put it: "This wasn't merely a sports event. It was the free world against everything that smacks of the Iron Curtain. It was a smashing triumph for what the Russians call the 'decadent democracies' . . . Never before, in this country, has the feeling of so many been so intense over a sports event."

Before our Canadian chauvinism runs away with us we should take thought for the day when we might want to interpret these matches as something less than a trial-by-combat between two systems of government. The Soviets have made hockey a part of the state athletic program since they took it up in earnest seven years ago. This means unlimited facilities, intense coaching, and play by hundreds of thousands of boys in a climate as conducive to hockey as our own. The Russian players at Krefeld were relatively old and received their early training at bandy rather than hockey. When the Russian youths who have been trained at hockey have become seasoned we may have to contend with players as skilful as our top professionals. The larger ice surfaces used in Russia make for a high-speed passing game distinct from the rough, shooting, scrambly style encouraged by our cock-pit rinks and atavistic fans. The difference in styles might, in the long run, prove to the Russians' advantage.

Anybody to whom Russian pre-eminence at *our* national game seems fantastic should consider what the Russians and Hungarians have achieved at soccer, a game with many affinities to hockey. Twenty-five years ago it seemed fantastic that Continentals would ever match the skill of English footballers but in the post-war years the standard of Russian and Hungarian play has steadily eclipsed that of the British. For many years the English politely ridiculed the style of play favored by the Continentals; all passing and fancy work; no directness; inept shooting! Canadian journalists at the recent hockey match joked about the Russians' concentration on passing, their pre-occupation with the puck and not the man, their ineffectual shooting. The parallels are obvious.

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- The value of Canada's field crops, including grain, feed and vegetables, dropped to an eight-year low of \$1,137,670,000 in 1954 under the impact of bad growing weather and declining world markets. The peak output was \$2,300,000,000 in 1952.
- Alberta crude oil output during 1954 reached a new peak of 87,713,855 barrels, up 14 per cent from 1953.
- The Defense Department is studying possible use of Canada's Arctic islands as air and sea bases. Little actual research into the problem has been carried out. Officials say Canada is at least ten years behind the Soviet Union in Arctic research.
- Results of a three-year survey of recreational reading habits of Ontario school children show that poor habits and attitudes toward books have their roots in the home.
- Canada's population totalled 15,439,000 on Jan. 1, up 2.7 per cent from 15,035,000 on the corresponding date last year, according to the Bureau of Statistics on March 1.
- General McNaughton, chief of the Canadian section of the International Joint Commission, has asked the B.C. Government to hold up the Kaiser Dam deal because of new information on Columbia River development.
- The largest budget (estimated revenues \$79,992,920, estimated expenditure \$79,971,810) in Saskatchewan's history, calling for substantial increases in spending by social welfare and education departments without tax increases, was placed before the Legislature at Regina on March 2 by Provincial Treasurer C. M. Fines.
- Total building awards in the Canadian construction industry of \$218,080,900 for February (the highest recorded for the month in the history of the industry), surpassed by 137 per cent the \$126,176,800 reported for February 1954.
- In over-all world trade, Canada's deficit of \$146,300,000 in 1954 was down sharply from the \$210,200,000 in 1953. She had a deficit of \$594,000,000 in trade with the U.S. but a surplus of \$265,000,000 in trade with Britain.
- Top officers of the two Canadian labor congresses met in Montreal on March 9 to initiate negotiation for amalgamation of the two bodies.
- Next July Fisheries Minister James Sinclair will attend the annual meeting of the International Whaling Commission in Moscow—the first Canadian cabinet minister to make an official visit to Russia.
- A record budget involving expenditure of \$222,963,072 was presented to the Alberta Legislature on March 4 by Provincial Treasurer Gerhart.
- The flow of foreign capital into Canadian industrial development declined in 1954 for the first time in post-war years.
- Canadian retailers' sales (independent stores) dropped 1.4 per cent last year to \$11,955,153,000 from \$12,125,802,000. Retail chain store sales increased to \$2,133,986,000 from \$2,048,229,000.
- One of the biggest expansion programs in its history will be undertaken by the British Columbia Telephone Co. this year, with expenditures expected to surpass \$20,000,000—a new record.
- The Commons on March 7 gave unanimous approval to a bill that will boost payments to some 41,500 burned-out war veterans and their dependents by \$9,500,000 a year.
- Canada regained the world hockey championship in Krefeld, Germany, on March 6, when the Penticton V's defeated the Russian team 5-0.
- The greatest industrial promotion effort in the history of Quebec got underway in Montreal on March 6, under the auspices of the Montreal Chambre de Commerce. An Industrial Quebec exhibition drew thousands of visitors and at night a special train left with 70 newspapermen from all parts of Canada, the United States and Europe on a week-long tour of seven industrial centres of the province. One objective is to show the advantages of Quebec as a place for investing capital, another is to acquaint Quebecers with what is happening in their province whose recent development has been unprecedented.
- The longest microwave system in the world—more than 3,800 miles between Sydney, N.S., and Vancouver, B.C.—will carry trans-Canada television broadcasts by early 1958.
- W. F. A. Turgeon, ambassador to Ireland, is being transferred to Lisbon to become first Canadian ambassador to Portugal.
- A bronze bust of the late Agnes Macphail was unveiled in the House of Commons on March 8.
- Prime Minister Robert Menzies of Australia arrived in Ottawa on March 9.
- Research experts in the National Defense Department have developed a new method of processing yarn which will spark an industry-wide revolution in textiles and which could guide Canada's flagging textile industry to world leadership, it is reported from Ottawa.
- The Trans-Canada Pipe Line Co. has run into difficulties in financing the \$300,000,000 line which would take natural gas from Alberta to Ontario and Quebec. The Federal Government will do nothing to assist the company until the promoters submit more acceptable proposals.
- Canada's deficit in international tourist trade reached an estimated record of \$80,000,000 in 1954, according to the Bureau of Statistics. For the fourth consecutive year Canadian travellers spent more abroad than did foreign visitors to this country.
- Slumping rail traffic has brought the CNR its first deficit (\$28,758,000 on 1954 operation) in three years.
- John Foster Dulles, American Secretary of State, arrived in Ottawa on March 17 on his first official visit to Canada.
- The National Ballet Company was saved from having to cancel its New York engagement on March 25-26 for lack of funds by the Canadian Dance Teachers' Association which raised over \$5,000 and by the munificence of four public-spirited citizens—J. L. Kamin, Harold Cross, Milton Shier and A. E. Diamond, contracting firm executives—who made up the substantial deficit still remaining.
- The gross national product, value of all goods and services produced in Canada, declined in 1954 by \$431,000,000 to \$23,985,000,000 from the 1953 peak of \$24,416,000,000. Canadian consumer spending rose by an estimated \$466,000,000 to record \$15,581,000,000 to bolster a sagging economy. Labor earnings increased to a new high, but earnings by farmers dropped to a 9-year low, reducing the country's savings as a whole by \$900,000,000 to \$4,044,000,000.
- The first five-year census in Canada will be taken in June, 1956. Only seven questions will be asked compared to the twenty-nine in the regular ten-year count.

On Becoming a Canadian

Desmond Sparham

The Emigrant

► THERE MUST BE very few people born in the British Isles who do not at some time in their life think of emigrating. For most of them, as for me, the age at which the decision is first taken is between eleven and fourteen! Australia, "British" Africa, Canada, New Zealand: Captain Cook, General Wolfe, Cecil Rhodes: The Mounties, The Gold Prospectors, The Diamond Miners: The Hudson's Bay Company, The United Africa Company: Bears and Lions and Kangaroos: Wool and Wheat, Timber and Meat: Arctic Ice and Tropical Sun. The imagination of every British school-boy is sooner or later fired by the stories which these magic names and phrases connote.

Naturally, when the boy becomes a sheet-metal worker in Birmingham, a fruit marketer at Covent Garden, or a railway-porter at Crewe, his imagination (alas!) plays less and less part in the decisions he takes. But his imagination nevertheless still exists and any Commonwealth Government that really wished to promote big-scale emigration from Britain has only to devise ways and means of persuading the Britisher that his imagination is a safe guide to conduct. That—and perhaps some help with the passage-money! (Canadians might be interested to know that at the time I

left England for Canada the Australian Government was advertising all over Britain twenty-six dollar (ten pound) passages to Australia: and the New Zealand Government was offering three thousand free passages to British women, there being an acute shortage of wives in New Zealand).

Nobody's life story is ever completely typical. Mine, however, in its earlier stages particularly, is typical enough. My father was a coal-miner as were his father and grandfather before him. I was the eldest of five children. We lived in the county of Derbyshire where the coal-mining villages with their stark headgear and ugly slag-heaps crowd near to each other. During my childhood we were extremely poor. The Great Depression was truly great where we lived and my father like most of his kind the world over was unemployed or underemployed for years together and suffered greatly in his pride and his dignity and his health. My mother, like most of her kind, turned her hand towards eking out the family income by all kinds of shift and thus we survived until the threat of Hitler and the need for guns rescued us from poverty.

I left school and started work before I was fifteen. In October, 1939, I volunteered for service in my county Regiment—The Sherwood Foresters: I was then eighteen years old. Before I was twenty I was invalided out and was back home in my Derbyshire village. In this I re-lived quite exactly the experience of my father in 1916. But at twenty my life took a different turn. I left home for the big city and became a Trainee Boys Leader with the YMCA, at the same time entering upon a course of studies at the London University Institute of Education. Here I heard Karl Mannheim discussing the future of western society and Sir Fred Clarke



"Additions to the Labour Force"

propounding his philosophy of education. And the bombs were dropping on England, and America was really getting into the war. All this, I hope to show, has a bearing on coming to Canada.

In 1944 I returned once more to my native Derbyshire—this time as a Welfare Officer among young coal-miners. I also married a pretty Welsh girl (a coal-miner's daughter), met and wooed at the university. At the end of the war I received a state grant to attend another university course and here I developed an already burgeoning interest in world affairs. This led to a job with International Student Service among European students who had been in resistance movements or concentration camps; and finally to the post of Regional Officer with the British United Nations Association with the duty of fostering interest in international affairs and promoting faith in international co-operation, in an area one thirtieth the size of Ontario and containing a population the size of Canada's. This is the work from which I resigned after nearly six years to come to Canada.

If I had emigrated at twenty my motives would have been compounded in almost equal quantities of economic ambition and romantic impulse. At twenty-five emigration was unthinkable for then every romantic impulse, every social, political, and spiritual feeling, was engrossed in the dramatic awakening of Britain from the nightmare of total war. Even if I become the first king of the United States of North America and Europe I shall never meet again the thrill and challenge that was met with in Britain in the years right after the war. For one thing, I shall never be twenty-five again.

Though I was interested passionately in every aspect of the British "social revolution," my particular work lay in the field of defining and emphasizing that element of citizenship which is world citizenship. And it is in the doing of this work that there has grown upon me in latter years, as tension has slowly relaxed in Britain, the urge to emigrate to Canada.

I love my native country. An Englishman has a right to be proud of his citizenship and no Englishman is prouder than I. And why now do I wish to exchange it for Canadian Citizenship? Nothing matters now to Britain (or to mankind) so much as the growth in the world of peace, international justice, and international prosperity. Britain herself will continue to contribute powerfully to this growth; and she is well able to do so with her fifty million people. But within my lifetime Canada will be able to contribute perhaps even more powerfully—if she wants to. Canada has four times fewer citizens than Britain and my contribution—such as it is—is by that measure greater if I become a Canadian.

It is so terribly difficult to be objective about one's own motives. However, now I must sum up baldly what has turned me into an emigrant. One: the predisposition of people born in Britain to emigrate. Two: The economic motive, the desire to create a good material future for one's family. This I include because—though I had no reason to doubt that I could do it in Britain—I should certainly *not* have emigrated if I had thought I could *not* do it in Canada and perhaps even better than in Britain. for Canada is wealthier than Britain. And three: what?—the desire to contribute as effectively as possible to the achievement of those spiritual, philosophical, and social objectives which are the objectives of the good citizens of any nation.

The Decision is taken. One announces it to one's colleagues and employers. They are flatteringly dismayed. One writes a long and careful letter to Canada House in London and receives some days later a form upon which one is asked to give the same information as was contained in the letter. The form is filled and returned. One is sent some well-illustrated pamphlets describing Canada in general terms and a very good publication called "Canada—1953." One is invited

to visit Canada House to talk over the project. And here comes the first cloud on the horizon.

The Counsellor I saw at Canada House (the first one that is) did his level best to dissuade me from emigrating. He was clearly doing his duty. How old are you sir?—thirty-two. You have, I see, four children, two boys and two girls?—yes. You would describe yourself as er - - ? —A social worker perhaps, or an organiser; it is a bit difficult to fit me into a category (this with an apologetic laugh). Quite.

You would not, I presume, take your wife and children out with you, sir?—no. I see that you would have about five or six hundred pounds at the time of your emigration. Six hundred pounds is, I realize, a year's salary for a young professional man in England but of course in Canada it would be worth very much less than it is here—indeed! I know it and for that reason shall spend as little as possible of it in Canada! Anyway, I fully expect that it will cost me every penny of these savings to move my family to Canada.

I must confess, sir, that I think it very improbable that you would find employment similar to that you have had in England. It is much easier for people with technical abilities. —Yes, I realise that I should have to work in the category of an unskilled laborer. Canadians are on the average much bigger than Englishmen and naturally are better able to compete for work in the field of manual labor, er, hum, how heavy are you, sir?—142 pounds. There is, in fact, a good deal of unemployment just now in Canada—we have it every winter (this somewhat defensively).—Yes, I know.

What an admirably conscientious workman this was! Never did a man feel less like making a successful emigrant than I did upon my return to my provincial home! For a week or so I cogitated gloomily (confiding nothing to my wife). Of course, the fellow was *so* right about everything. Every rule of discretion advised against "gambling" all of the little we had (and not only money) upon so uncertain a project. But one morning I got up and said "Who cares?" And after that all the counsellors in Christendom could keep their good advice. And from that moment I became an immigrant.

The Immigrant

I wrote at once to declare my intention and was bidden to get myself and my family medically examined. This I could do free of charge if I wanted to travel to London but it would cost me (with Chest X-Rays) something like \$50 if I had it done in my own locality. So I took my whole family by car to London. (Cannot the Canadian Government extend its free examination service to other places than London? Every little helps). We were perfectly fit. After vaccination, then, we were given leave to sail. If my family does not follow me within six months they will all have to go through the mill again. Would not a testimony of fitness from the intending emigrant's own doctor (which, I have no doubt, could be obtained without fee under the British National Health Service) provide a sufficient guarantee for a prudent nation?

In the meantime I was setting afoot enquiries of all kinds in order to insure against the gloomy fate predicted by my counsellor. I wrote to each of the Provincial Government Houses in London and visited two of them: (the answer from Alberta House was couched in such moving terms—simply imploring me not to go to Alberta, that I could not dream of wasting their time visiting there). British Columbia House was at least cheerful and allowed me to hope that there was a future in that Province—but just what future it was hard to say in my case. Certainly not in education—at any rate unless I would like to spend at least a year (probably more) qualifying to get the right certificate and the right number of years of University training.

At Ontario House I filled in a form as long as my arm but I cannot for the life of me remember now why I did it. But there they had another counsellor to help me. And may the Lord shower heaps of blessings upon him. Within three questions he had realized I didn't fit into an easy category. So he put aside his form, he discarded his routine interrogation (one could see him, physically, doing it). There went out of his eyes the impersonal professional look and I almost felt myself fall off the production line. This man was really *interested* in me—another man. Of course, he knew as well as the others all the difficulties I should meet but he did me the real honor of supposing that I was bright enough and sensible enough to calculate them for myself. And that being so he set forth to encourage me; he talked about Canada with a little enthusiasm (would you believe it). He set himself to tell me what he knew of those spheres of Canadian life in which I have a special interest. He thought I might have a tough time but, dammit!, I *might* get on really well in Canada! He just didn't quite see how but anyway he wished me lots of luck.

Nothing very helpful therefore from the Provincial Governments. But I had much better luck when I decided to "make contacts" for myself. I spent many hours in the Reference Library in the city of Nottingham. From the Canadian Year Book and other sources I got a mass of names and addresses of persons and institutions who might be interested in a man of my training and background—and ideas. And I wrote to them about my hopes and intentions. I asked them frankly for their help. I had a most astonishingly kind response. All kinds of *busy* men read my letters and replied giving me good advice; many invited me to call on them when I got to Canada. A number of them made copies of my letter and circulated it to others. All kinds of avenues opened before me—waiting to be explored the moment I got to Canada.

The cheapest crossing from England to Canada is £50. Say £70 from Birmingham to Toronto. This money would buy as much as \$350 would buy in Canada. The great majority of Englishmen would take 7 or 8 weeks to earn £70. The average English wage-earner would be unlikely to save such a sum in two years—even with great thrift. It is easy to see, then, that the bare cost of bringing even a small family to Canada is such a problem that an "average" man will not even bother to contemplate the other problems of emigration; this one alone is too much. What a Commonwealth Government does to help in overcoming this problem is the measure of its interest in promoting immigration.

I sailed from Liverpool on Nov. 13 and arrived in Toronto on Dec. 1. Once you have got a medical all-clear from the Canadian authorities in England there are no other difficult "formal" problems. At least there were not for me. I did see on one document a regulation which seemed to specify that the immigrant must either have a sponsor, a certain employer, or a prescribed sum of money before he could immigrate. I certainly had not the first two and upon arrival in Canada I had \$135. Perhaps this is enough. Anyway, I was not called upon to prove anything. So far as I am concerned Canada is refreshingly free from red tape.

In each of the three cities I have named I have visited the "contacts" (what a precious word that is!) I had arranged through my letters from England. By December 10, I had presented my credentials and my request for a job to thirty different persons at twenty-six more or less formal interviews. The thirty included a Deputy Minister and a former Deputy Minister; the national heads of several organizations; the Personnel Managers of four large industrial concerns; university professors; a stockbroker; officials of the Executive and Professional Division of the Unemployment Insurance Commission; and Uncle Tom Copley and all. If I

had the brush-off once, it was so skilfully done that I failed to recognize it. By this same date I was under active consideration for five vacant posts within my own special spheres of experience, and several other organizations were keeping me on the books for the time when a vacancy might come up.

As nobody had been able to make a decision about me by Dec. 15 (Committees had to meet and it was near Christmas), I went to queue with the unemployed at the unprofessional division of the Unemployment Commission. No reservations: manual or clerical, here or elsewhere, nights or days, indoors or out, I wanted a job. So they gave me one: right there in the building: counter officer to the unemployed. Ninety cents an hour (gross exploitation this); start tomorrow. So my first job in Canada was Casual Counter Officer. "Was" is the correct tense. At Christmas-time I fell sick with influenza. I had to go "home" (my room at the YMCA). A doctor came to see me (he is one of the thirty different persons) and tended me for nothing and brought me some oranges in a bag; and he asked me if I wouldn't like to move into his home while I had to be in bed.

I was in bed five days. On the sixth day I returned to my counter. But too late, *Casual* Counter Officers are only allowed to be sick three days. My \$135 dollars had run out a few days before and another English immigrant at the YMCA had lent me \$20. So on the day I drew my first pay, I also got my first dismissal and paid my first debt. I also paid my room rent and this left me with \$30 out of the \$68.30 I had drawn. I was surviving.

The story is nearly up-to-date. The very day I was dismissed I was offered a short-term job (about three weeks) by another of the thirty different persons. But before I could fairly start upon it, and upon Saturday, Jan. 7, forty days after I set foot in Canada, I was offered a post of responsibility and some prestige with a salary which (after, say, the first two years) will allow me to keep my family decently. *And the post is in Alberta.* How I wish I had saved the letter from Alberta House in London! Could there be a more poetic vindication of one's faith in emigrating to Canada? I have sent a triumphant cablegram to my wife (98 cents!).

One more post-scriptal paragraph. I have not been lonely because, by temperament, I am not disposed to be and because I have been much too busy. (This does not mean that I have not missed acutely the people I love). But many immigrants must get terribly lonely. I have been to church (U.C.C.) five times. I have reported both to the national and provincial Immigration Office. But no approach has been made to me by any voluntary organization or individual. Have I been missed by the machinery? Do the members of churches seek out and hold activities for immigrants? Or is it up to the immigrant? I have, as you have seen, met an uncommon number of kind people in forty days. But I have met *them*. Not everybody is so pushing and so fortunate as I.

Homage to Colette

► IN MARCH, 1953, a few months after her eightieth birthday, I had the great pleasure of meeting Colette. It was not a revelation, but a confirmation of what I had already found in her writings and something more added to it. Immediately I found myself before an amazing person, dazzling, still impulsive, in spite of her forced immobility due to an advanced arthritic condition of the hips. All her liveliness, alertness were concentrated in her eyes whose glance is so piercing and direct that the visitor can by no subterfuge escape their penetration. It is with those eyes that from the time she was a young provincial girl, Colette looked at her Paris, to receive from that city, not what is artificial and

complicated, but what was for her deep, firm, and everlasting. An acute psychological observer, Colette plunged into the innermost depths of the human heart and brought to the surface buried treasure. She has given us her intimate feelings about everything that surrounded her. Her life demanded background; she felt the need to have around her houses, animals, flowers, trees. Gradually, however, she detached herself from all that *décor*, preserving it rather in her books, for did she not write: "Regarde, écoute, respire, sens!"

Little by little, due to illness, she said farewell to the animals she so loved. At her side, no cat, no dog, and when I spoke to her my astonishment at not being greeted by those felines to whom she had given such sonorous names, she said: "But you see, animals have to be taken care of, I could no longer look after them . . . alors." But because she loved all that flew, fluttered, and caressed, she kept in her room, in front of her, two large glass cases full of beautiful butterflies. What an escape, on gray painful days, to lift her eyes to the brilliant colors, the subtle shades of a vibrating and lively world once so vivid a counterpart of herself.

Even the human beings she had loved or hated she abandoned, keeping with her to the hour only her faithful husband, Maurice Goudekot. Maurice! With what warmth, depth and feeling she called him. The sound of that voice is still in my ear, full, compelling, joyous and mischievous at the same time. Maurice with Pauline, her old governess and confidante, were her last two companions. Maurice looked after her literary work, protected her and Pauline took care of her physical comfort.

A sensation of purification and detachment struck me from the moment I entered Colette's room. It was small, simple. The walls had a tapestry which radiated warmth, the color of old well-seasoned Bordeaux wine.

Here was Colette, propped up with many cushions, on her day-bed, just by the window. She had on a gray dress, very simple but which set off the gray of her short cut hair. Hair that had always represented the phases of her life. It must have been jet black, wild, cruel, sophisticated, languorous. I could so well take a retrospective trip through what I knew of her life and books, just looking at her hair. I could imagine the long disciplined hair of the "Claudine" series. The conquering hair of Colette, wife of Willy. The wind-blown hair of the "Vagabonde." The bushy hair of the time she ran amidst chickens and talked confidentially to her pet animals in "Dialogue des Bêtes." Then Colette's hair as a lover in "Duo" and "Cheri," coquettish, flirtatious. At eighty her hair seemed to have kept something of the past, an air of rebellion against regimentation, but had added a touch of resignation.

Her somber eyes are artfully made up, widened with pencil, reminiscent of the time she spent on the stage. Her face, how can I describe it, intense, changeable, the shape triangular, sharp, yet soft at the same time. Her mouth, mobile, red, sensuous but kind and wise. Colette is the exact opposite of that other fascinating writer, Anna de Noailles, who in conversation let loose a continuous flood of words. Colette, on the contrary, listens, asks questions, reveals little of herself. She gives you a sense of being extremely interested in what you bring with you from another country.

Her hands are well groomed, her nails red, standing out like drops of ruby by contrast with her white skin; not at all the hands of an old woman. Her ringed fingers do not tremble and her handwriting is the same as when she was eighteen, square, solid, proud.

She was still working when I saw her. In front of her was her little movable desk. One could always see her bending over the eternal blue paper she has perpetually used, of the evanescent color like the Parisian sky. Two days before I saw her she had been occupied with writing, not as in the

old time, confidences and confessions, but an account of a deer dying in the bois de Boulogne, in which stood out again, her never-failing insight and compassion. Her story was based on an old photograph. I hope that this little gem of March, 1953, which her husband let me read, will be published. The deer, it seems to me, was symbolic of her life. He was hurt and she was suffering. He, like Colette, had to renounce what he liked most, movement. And both with dignity, modesty, and courage would have to leave all they had so dearly loved.

But on that day, Colette was very much alive, interested in Canada, demanding to have that great country described to her. I asked her why she had never come to America, and she answered: "But my dear, I am not a traveller, I am only a vagabond!" And so she was, not a deliberate and systematic traveller, but a deep and keen observer of the scenes opened out to her in her rather restricted world. Even confined as she was when I met her, in her room, she had not lost her vital interest in that narrow world for she took me by the arm and exclaimed: "Ah oui . . . I can no longer go out, but who could want a more beautiful picture to look at than the graceful buildings of the Palais Royal and the gardens full of people and playing children."

A year and a half after my delighted meeting with the great writer on a cold, windy, gray, August day, Colette calmly closed her expressive eyes forever. A hush fell over the city. Her death brought a real shock to the Parisians who were proud of her, to the provincials who loved her, to the world who admired her work.

On Saturday, August seventh, from the vantage point of the tribune erected in the court of honor of the Palais Royal, where I had been invited to sit not far from her family, colleagues, and friends, the last farewell to Colette was to be given. On a platform concealed entirely by flowers, the great catafalque had been erected. The coffin was draped in a huge tricolor sheet upon which was placed the black cushion bearing the large star of the "grand officier de la Legion d'Honneur," a distinction received by few men and still fewer women. From early dawn, thousands of people had passed in front of her bier, some kneeling, some placing a wreath, a humble bouquet, a little flower; rich and poor were silent or wiped their eyes. They all wanted to show Colette that she belonged to them, to the multitude that was her Paris. A few chosen persons were asked to express their tribute to Colette, among them Roland Dorgelès of the Goncourt Academy of which Colette was the president. With fervor and emotion he traced the arduous task Colette had undertaken, being at the same time her own pupil and master. Then, the perpetual secretary of the Belgium Academy, of which Colette was a member, showed that for Colette writing was simply another way of living and finally the Minister of Education came to express the regret of the government.

Colette received military honors to which she had a right as grand officer of the Legion of Honour. There was a grandeur mixed with simplicity when, while the coffin was slowly carried outside the palace square, the Republican Guard played for her Chopin's funeral march. Colette belonged to Paris, she had come many years ago to conquer the city, she must remain in it. Surrounded by many artists and writers she now lies in the cemetery of le Père Lachaise. She was carried there on that cold Saturday of August and no sooner had she been laid in her last resting place, under masses of flowers, than the rain began to fall. It seemed to be the symbol of all the tears of those who for so many years had loved her.

No, Colette is not dead. She has simply stopped suffering. She leaves us a treasure of sensations and emotions. In a tribute written by her friend Germaine Beaumont, we find the very essence of Colette's message to us all: "L'ournois

nos yeux vers le fanal bleu échappé de la grande tourmente et qui doit éclairer encore et à jamais, toute âme en quête de conseils, de pitié, de beauté." LAURE RIÈSE.

THE CONSERVATIVE IMPASSE

(Continued from front page)

Candid self-analysis would also reveal a lengthy entry in the liability columns. To this non-Canadian observer the most glaring Conservative vice is political inbreeding. Much of the positive value conferred by "old-party" status is cancelled out by the fact that this has also been to an excessive degree an "old-stock" party. Over the years it has failed to accommodate a large proportion of the non-British or non-Protestant groups, now almost one-half of the population. A party which, for whatever reasons, takes on the characteristics of an exclusive club, soon puts itself out of the running in a country with Canada's ethnic heterogeneity. The "Depression Party" stereotype also encumbers this political organization of the economically, as well as the ethnically, more secure. One complaint voiced by many Conservatives themselves is the absence of a distinctive party position in public affairs. Like the CCF they have been handicapped by the "warm-bath" atmosphere permeating Canadian politics in recent years. Responsibility for this relaxed, often indifferent state of public opinion may be laid to the transfer to Washington of many vital decisions, to a burgeoning national economy which blurs lines of social conflict and to deliberate Liberal strategies. With remarkable success the Liberals have arrogated to themselves the mantle of the party of unity, prosperity and progress in slow motion. Undramatic

but "safe," they seem closely attuned to the dominant Canadian mood of the moment.

Suggestions for Conservative self-redemption run a wider gamut than can be explored here. The more serious proposals concede the necessity of extensive internal rehabilitation. The much-mooted replacement of George Drew as national leader would be at best a superficial remedy. Mr. Drew, to be sure, cannot divest himself of the "Tory Toronto" and "Bay Street" stigmas which antagonize other parts of the country; nor does his party exude confidence that he will ever occupy office in the East Block. But in a parliamentary caucus understaffed with Cabinet material, who else has comparable national standing? More urgent is a "beefing up" of the secondary leadership, the potential Ministers of whose competence to devise and execute complex policy decisions the public will ask proof and out of whose ranks an eventual successor to Drew may emerge.

The George Hees recuperative formula prescribes an army of industrious and friendly canvassers, disseminating goodwill for party and canvassers by their infectious smiles, apparently with little reference to issues. Such measures might net several new seats but would scarcely go to the root of the malady.

Knowing from first-hand experience in Manitoba and B.C. the debilitating effects of a coalition on the smaller party, the Conservatives almost certainly have their sights fixed on a parliamentary majority. In order to raise their proportion of the popular vote from 30 per cent to the 45-50 per cent needed to attain that goal, they must put together a political alignment which gives hope of annex-



PEN DRAWING—JAMES AGRELL SMITH

ing sizeable blocs of errant Tories or other voters susceptible to their appeals, without alienating their own party members of unwavering loyalty. Before this ambition can be realized, a revised strategy which combines fresh socio-political insight with a modernized Conservative approach to national affairs will have to be worked out.

Efforts to broaden this alignment should obviously be concentrated in those sections of the electorate most responsive to Conservative ideas and symbols. Today the party is predominantly a coalition of middle- and upper-class voters with limited segments of the eastern rural population. Prospects are barren for enlarging its parliamentary representation in heavily industrial constituencies or in most of the area west of the Lakes. The primary task, therefore, would seem to be to stake out a coherent and tenable right-of-centre position in the political arena, one which is legitimately conservative in its underlying concepts but which comes to grips with modern problems besetting Canada and Canadians in many walks of life.

The key to a Conservative revival may rest half-hidden in the shifting social bases of Canadian politics. A party able to articulate the views and goals of the following groups would place itself in a highly competitive position in future elections:

1. rural and middle-class elements in Quebec, a province less monolithic in its voting behavior than it is reputed to be (its 22.4 per cent Conservative vote in 1953 was less than 2 per cent below the national average) and increasingly subject to social and economic differentiation,
2. "new Canadians," including the prospering children of earlier immigrants and many post-war arrivals soon to obtain citizenship: the political predisposition of the latter should be decidedly more conservative than that of their predecessors from the Continent,
3. older middle-class English Canadians, whose past defections have bolstered the Liberal right wing and the "urban opportunist" faction of Social Credit in the West,
4. a "new middle-class," made up of younger technical, administrative and service personnel, which forms a largely untapped reservoir of white-collar conservatism,
5. English-speaking farmers in the eastern provinces and perhaps in B.C.

It would be indiscreet for an American to suggest specific issues with which these "latent Tories" might be mobilized. The most fundamental change, in the last analysis, must be inward, a gradual transformation in Conservative thinking on many levels. Some signs of a softening of the older, self-enclosed attitudes can already be detected, as in the more frequent appearance of names like Starr, Beauchesne or Brzezinski on nomination lists, but more tangible evidence will be called for. The art of using a political party as a bridge between nationalities disdained by too many latter-day Conservatives, will have to be learned anew and practiced convincingly. A less equivocal public vocabulary for voicing Conservative thinking on Canadian nationalism and the British connection would aid in allaying endemic misapprehensions and suspicions among citizens of non-British origins.

There is, furthermore, one issue on which Conservative dynamism might be regenerated without resort to demagoguery, namely a vindication of the Opposition. The abnormally long Liberal ascendancy has created a rather novel phenomenon (also visible among Christian Democrats in West Germany and Italy), a "governmental party" which is largely preoccupied with "administration" and whose leaders, even with honorable intentions, come close to identifying their party with the interests of the state. These

circumstances penalize the Opposition by depriving its members of the ministerial experience needed to wage its battles on reasonably equal terms. More serious yet, the "governmental party" tends to lose sight of the vital role the Opposition should play as a form of public conscience, giving voice to the conflicts of interest and viewpoint inevitable in a free society. Only if these conflicts are articulated can there be that reconciliation of clashing ideas which parliamentary democracy requires. In an effective challenge to the "governmental party" and a stout reaffirmation of the indispensability to the democratic process of a responsible Opposition, the Conservatives might find the unifying concept with which to construct a broader and more youthful social basis for their party.

A party which began to recover its lost momentum and to break the stalemate of the last twenty years might rally to its banner a substantial number of presently dispersed "conservatives." Even if a working majority proved elusive for some time to come, a reinvigoration of the Official Opposition ought to have emphatically beneficial influences on Canadian democracy. A minority party which looked and acted like a viable alternative government would place the Liberals more rigorously on their mettle, enliven the party battle and help dispel some of the pervasive indifference to political affairs.

Conceivably the two-party system has become too rigid to give effective representation to Canada's multiplying and divergent interests. If so, it deserves to be pronounced defunct and given a speedy burial. But Canadian political life has yet to lose its fundamental dualism: in 1953 four out of five voters still cast their ballots for Liberal or Conservative candidates. A functioning two-party system is particularly conducive to the presentation of clear and intelligible policy alternatives and to the enforcement of responsibility in office, virtues which democratic government can ill-afford to discard. The Progressive Conservatives are confronted with a sobering opportunity to aid in the resurrection of an ailing party system and to inject new blood into the life-stream of democracy in Canada.

Weltanschauung

Lee Brian

► WHEN KARL BROUGHT Paula up for the October week-end, he warned her she must be prepared to listen to the reminiscences of his grandparents, who after twelve years in this country still clung to their German customs and traditions and conducted themselves as though they were living in the golden age. Actually it was Paula who so described them. "Oh Karl," she had exclaimed when he told her about them, "they belong to the golden age." And thus for both of them that is where his grandparents had remained.

When he arrived, however, he was a little disappointed to discover that they were not all the way he fancied he remembered them. His grandmother had even instructed the cook to make a cherry pie, though at the table Karl noticed that neither she nor the old man would touch it, pleading as excuse the infirmities of their age and the regimen of their diet. And Karl, watching them from his place at the table—two old people, fragile, small and lonely—saw in their refusal to partake of the common American dessert something that was elegant and lost.

He had few positive recollections of them and only one specific picture of the old man: Several years ago while he himself was still in college, his grandfather had been invited to lecture at the New School. Small, shaky, neat, he had stood on the platform, quoting volumes of figures about European exports and imports, for he had been an authority

in his time, this eighty-year old man, with his small, rectangular head that suggested nothing as much as it did a carved Alpine puppet. Afterward some pedantic crank from Columbia had embarrassed the old gent by reminding the audience that the title of their distinguished lecturer had been "His Excellency Hofrat Herr Doktor . . . head of the Economic Division of the League of Nations." Karl had watched him sadly, a little fondly too, aware of his age and what he once had been, still glittering but now only a symbol of other days and forgotten times.

The afternoon he brought Paula out here to his grandfather's place, she came down with an unexpected cold, which threatened to spoil their visit, but his grandmother very sensibly insisted upon whiskey—the only thing for a cold, she declared with much conviction, which implied she had considerable previous knowledge of the cure. And though Paula had sent him to the drug store in town for a paregoric or an aspirin or whatever it was she was accustomed to taking, she permitted herself to be doctored by the old lady.

"Imagine," Paula whispered to him when he came into her room after the old folks had gone to bed, "wanting to feed me whiskey!" Because Paula, who fancied herself something of a writer, knew a great deal about human psychology, Karl was delighted when his grandmother seemed to pass the test with her.

The next day she was well enough to accompany him down to the lake for a glimpse of the sunset. His grandmother, who in her twelve years' sojourn in this country, seldom missed watching one, though she generally chose her corner window in her own bedroom to enjoy the spectacle, had urged them to go. The old couple's ecstasy over the setting sun was Paula's favorite vignette of them. "Ruskin's pathetic fallacy," she had murmured.

Later that evening when he and Paula returned to the house and found the old folks still sitting over their coffee, Karl had nudged Paula and she started on the sunset. She was very glib and always knew what to say, but the elders were sleepy and did not respond. They sipped martinis and his grandfather reminded them that Mister America would be on television in just a few minutes.

"His favorite program," explained the old lady with an indulgent smile.

They belonged to the golden age . . . and here they were watching Mister America and Superman wrestle on television. It was delicious. Like having the old world under glass.

That afternoon when the four of them were on the porch playing canasta, Paula happened to compliment Karl on his tie, an exotic creation, abundantly painted with tropical vegetation. He had no opportunity to wear it at school, since Rosenstock, the departmental chairman, frowned upon any promptings his instructors might exhibit in the direction of what he termed sporty dress. Karl was pleased that his taste in ties had not passed unnoticed, but he was all the more pleasantly surprised later, as he was dressing for dinner in his own room, to receive a call from the old gentleman, clad now in a long sedate smoking jacket, with fur-lined cuffs, who begged the loan of one of those new ties. After inspecting the lot Karl had brought down with him for the week-end, the old man gravely picked out one with two nymphs painted on it. Karl could hardly wait for his grandfather to leave before he dashed across the hall to tell Paula.

"The darling," she smiled. "Trying to make an impression on me!" And at dinner she could talk of nothing except the old man's taste and praised him for being so modern.

"Merely curiosity about the new fashion," he said, "but I thank you for your compliments."

Now they were out here on the porch while Karl's grand-

father finished his program. And since they were alone Karl kissed Paula on the neck, which looked very beautiful in the silvery light. "This afternoon," said Paula, brushing him away, "when we came in from tennis, your grandmother was stitching a baby dress and when she saw me she hid it under the sofa pillow."

"My sister's expecting a baby around January but it would be indelicate to mention it in my presence," he laughed.

"They should know about their unconventional grandson," said Paula, "but really I don't know if we have any right to be so condescending. I mean . . . just because they belong to a different age."

"Do you want me to tell them about us?" asked Karl.

"I think they heard us anyway," said Paula. "Why can't we treat them like intellectual equals?" She was quiet a minute. "No," she said in a low voice, "it would be asking them to accept too much."

Karl nodded. "Still in his day the old boy thought himself very advanced. One night he talked to me until midnight. Ricardo and Pareto and Havelock Ellis. I think it was Ellis. I don't remember now."

She leaned on his shoulder. "They think it was a tremendous age," she sighed. "An age of watching the sunset."

In another minute they were talking shop. "You know," said Karl, "I'm drifting away from the Rosenstock line. Maybe I'm reverting to sentimental mysticism, but it seems to me that this Technology-Institutionalism talk is little more than a truism about which the amazing thing is that few people see it."

Many times he had discussed these matters with Paula, who was an intelligent and responsive listener and could be counted upon to appreciate his views. "Formulas like anthropology and psychology," he continued, "with their jargon certainly do a good job of clearing away misconceptions . . ."

"They're operational," she reminded him.

"Yes," he conceded after thinking about the matter. "If you mean as serviceable guides to future action or the prediction of behavior. But they don't actually shed much light on what it means to be a mortal, self-conscious animal that invents myths, strikes a few poses, and tries to absorb itself in ax-grinding activities with varying degrees of futility. Maybe they are more absurd than we realize."

"Even an absurdity is a matter of degree," he said.

Arm in arm, they returned to the house, and when they came into the library Karl spotted the large food stain on his grandfather's tie. He made a mental note to call Paula's attention to it.

"My wife tells me you are a writer," said the old man to Paula.

"Oh, I dabble," she replied, honest enough, and then she grew serious. "The writer must interpret character in terms of action, of inquiry about which he can have no debunked props." She reached for a cigarette and Karl held the lighter for her. "That's where we have it over the last century," she said between puffs.

"The young remake the world," said Karl's grandfather. "No one remembers the mistakes of the past."

"Charles," said the old lady, "we talk too much. We have let Paula tell us nothing." She turned to Paula now. "Did you have a pleasant youth?"

Paula laughed a little. "My family were frightfully poor. East side sort of place. You've seen the districts. I've been working since I was twelve."

"Self-educated," said Karl. "Did everything by herself."

The old folks nodded with interest.

"I wouldn't do it again," said Paula slowly. "But then who has an easy time? Karl remembers what Hitler was like . . ."

"I was nine when we left," said Karl.



SHAGGY CAPS—RICHARD T. LAMBERT

They were silent for a minute. Outside they heard the walnuts strike the porch roof. "How dreadful it all was," said Paula. She smiled at Karl's grandmother. "That's enough about my youth. Now you must tell me about your own."

"What is it you would have me tell?" asked the old lady in a polite voice. She had been working on a tiny garment, which she now put into the basket.

"Karl said you had seen the old Kaiser, Wilhelm First."

"Ah yes. One spring morning in the Schummanstrasse. He had many wrinkles, but he wore a splendid uniform, which fitted him around the neck so well. You see, many uniforms do not fit properly. I was very close to the carriage, and I said to myself, 'Could it be possible one can be this old and yet remain alive?' I was very young, you must understand."

"His mother was Queen Louise of Prussia," said Paula.

Karl's grandmother said, "I seem to remember."

"And you were in England, too, Grandma. You saw England at its peak."

"So. I remember the fog was bad and we had trouble finding good coffee. You would think . . . in London." She mused a minute. "But these are little things. One should be grateful."

"Grateful?" Paula was curious.

"For having lived in such a time. It was most orderly and the greatest worry one had was in finding good coffee. Ah," she said and sighed.

"Tomorrow," said Paula, "we would like you to go with us and see the sunset."

"The sunset!" The old lady laughed. "Shall I tell you something? My husband says it is silly of me. Perhaps." She moved her shoulders a little. "It is only because we are too old to break ourselves of these habits."

"I'm very fond of nature," said Paula.

"Then you must row across the lake and see the maples. This time of year they are very fine to see."

"You'll come too, Grandma, tomorrow. We'll go in the boat. All of us."

His grandmother laughed and revealed her white teeth. "No. You two have much to say to each other; you do not need outsiders."

"Now," said Karl's grandfather, "we have a nice program on television."

"You were going to give us your opinion on Pareto."

The small rectangular head moved to one side. A slight frown crossed his bright grey eyes. "Pareto is dead," he said solemnly, "and I have no wish to disturb him."

"Grandpa, she's interested in Russian political thought too," said Karl.

The old man put his hand on the television stand. "I'll tell you," he replied with sudden warmth in his voice. "What is new in the world? Nothing is new. The other day I was straightening my desk, throwing away old papers. So they will not have to look for anything. We—," his eyes included his wife, who had returned to her needle work, "we are living on the gang plank."

Only now was Karl conscious of the accent. The way his grandfather said *gang plank* made the expression seem funny, but the old man was intense. "No, I am not sorry. The politics in America are confused to me, and in Russia one man makes the politics and there too it is confused. It is everywhere the same. What is new in the world? I ask you . . . show me something that is new—." His pale cheeks glowed from the exertion of saying so much, more, in fact, than he had said in a long time.

Karl's grandmother raised her eyes from her work. "Charles," she said, "you must not talk like this. It makes you seem cynical."

"It is possible one may think so," he said softly.

By her side Karl could feel Paula twitch. There was regret and a kind of vague sadness in the way her eyes met his. These two old people were on the *gang plank*. Everything about the immediate world was remote for them.

His grandmother put her work down and rose. "Why should we be serious? We have champagne to drink."

Her husband touched his brow with the palm of his hand. "Ah, champagne," he murmured. "Then why must we sit and talk . . . when there is champagne to drink?"

"I've been saving it." The old lady was talking to the door of the kitchen. "For an occasion." Karl and Paula smiled at each other. "But perhaps," she continued, "this too is an occasion." She turned around from the doorway. "If you please," she said to Paula, "just to help with the glasses. I do not wish to call the cook. All day she has to work very hard."

"Of course." Paula got to her feet. The old man turned back to the television set and started to work the dials. Seeing him occupied, Karl moved over to Paula and slipped her a kiss, which took her so completely by surprise that her face went crimson. "Karl!" she cried and without another word walked toward the double doorway to join his grandmother.

"We'll drink to tonight," said Karl, still in a low voice to Paula.

"Ah," said his grandfather. "This is wrestling—." He was intent upon the program before him.

"No, no," said Paula.

As she hurried through the doorway he noticed there were tears in her eyes.

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Film Review

► THE LOCAL SCREENS have provided some cinematic curiosities worthy of note during the last month. Pre-eminent among them is *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, the superb Disney Co. version of the Jules Verne classic which many graduates of the Ontario Secondary School system will recognize from their French classes. Disney himself could have had little to do with this production as the essence of Verne's novel remains in contrast to the withering spiritual effect his touch has had on other classics. The atmosphere of Verne's imaginative world is portrayed with complete credibility and the audience is carried along on a surge of romantic adventure in the grand style. When the great sailing ship leaves the San Francisco of a century ago and heads for the open seas actually searching for sea serpents, adventure or catastrophe is obviously imminent. Both occur. One appropriately feels awe, terror and fascination when the eery fish-monster-boat comes cutting through the seas with yellow lights beaming in the dark and foaming wake arched behind. This reviewer confesses a weakness for adventure films however bad but I cannot see how any audience of any age could fail to be excited by this excursion into nineteenth century science fiction. The production is a triumph of technical difficulties imaginatively conquered; the camera work, color and décor are magnificent, and the undersea world with its grotesque terrors and luminous aura of peace and beauty so engrossing in detail that on emerging from the depths one finds the sudden sunlight stunning. The clash of character is very interesting also. For once we have a fair facsimile of a wise academic, played by Paul Lukas, who despite himself is attracted both intellectually and humanely to the genius of Captain Nemo, the arch misanthrope, considered mad by all the moral standards of the world. James Mason gives an understandable portrayal to this character, so that never once does he become a caricature. It remains a feasible question which is really madder or more inhumane, Captain Nemo or the civilized society of men he has rejected. A chubby benign Peter Lorre is cast as Conseil, Professor Aranax' apprentice assistant. He makes no attempt at a Gallic personality as he finds himself so cute as he is. Kirk Douglas has the honor of top billing for some reason. As Ned Land, the practical minded American seaman, he has thrown himself into the role with such muscular vigor that he appears to be suffering a chronic form of St. Vitus' Dance. Given any sort of close-up he aggressively masticates his features as though in remembrance of some exquisite agony endured in a dental chair. Lorre, Douglas and a pet seal will delight the junior audience.

A great rarity these days is the exhibition of a French film in a commercial theatre, and *Mr. Hulot's Holiday* seems to have arrived for an extended run. It is not so well edited or cohesive as *The Little Fugitive* but is an attempt at a superior comic piece. It concerns Mr. Hulot's (Jacques Tati's) misadventures at a northern French sea-side resort, all of which result from his infinite capacity for social malapropisms of the type all polite society dreads, the attempts at polished behavior of a bungler. But there is more to Mr. Hulot than meets the eye and he ultimately wins the respect of a few patrons who realize that their holiday would have been insufferably dull without him. The film is done in the same manner as his previous effort *Jour de Fête*, episodic pantomime bits punctuated with sly asides of sound. Although this film is having a greater reception, it really doesn't seem as comical as the earlier picture. Perhaps it is just that Tati's humor is wearing when you have been exposed once, but *Jour de Fête* seemed to have greater pace, vivacity, and Gallic wit. Tati as a French

postman rushing about the countryside on a bicycle was a delightful figure of fun. Unfortunately in the Chaplin tradition that film had an unbearable narration added to it for the North American market which was allowed to obliterate what little French dialogue there was. This dreadful fate has been averted in *Mr. Hulot's Holiday* by the clever use of English tourists who are allowed to mutter away as English tourists will. Any use of pantomime in contemporary film making is to be commended as an exemplary effort, and fortunately this movie can also be said to be entertaining.

A Russian film recently released in obscure surroundings is a curiosity due to its excellence. In contrast to the generally crude and naive approach of most post-war Russian movies which have reached Canada, *The Anna Cross* is an intelligent warm depiction of a short story by Chekhov satirizing provincial life in the 1880's. A young girl whose father is on the brink of ruin marries an unpleasant wealthy old man to save her family from disaster. Her husband's one ambition is to wear the ribbon of the Anna Cross around his neck, an honor which can be bestowed only by the local prince. At a ball the wife wins all masculine hearts with her beauty and youthful radiance. The old man encourages the attentions lavished on her by the prince and others as this is the only manner in which he will gain the coveted mark of prestige. He is granted the Cross and she contemptuously dismisses him to embark on a life of pleasure. The costumes and sets are completely faithful to the period, and enchanting glimpses of boating picnics, gay parties, and troikas rushing over winter snow remind us of the lighter side of Russian character which is seldom referred to today. The color is misty and evocative and perhaps the greatest surprise of all is that the actress portraying the heroine is a great beauty with a fresh, vibrant personality, the Soviet's answer to Grace Kelly.

La Lupa, retitled *The She-Wolf*, is a melodramatic Italian B film showing in appropriate local B theatres. It affords us the incredible spectacle of Kerima, here presented as the most unwashed movie heroine since Gene Tierney rolled in a mudhole for *Tobacco Road*, stalking about what appear to be the Calabrian hills with lust in her heart and holes in her shoes. The fascination of this movie lies in the background details depicting the medieval life of the cliff-dwelling villagers. For instance, a type of pageant is incorporated into festivities for a regional saint which to all appearances is the remnant of a pagan fertility rite now blessed by the Church.

Last and least, Hollywood's most integrated comic-strip effort shambles in a desultory fashion from one static Cinemascope pose to the next. Although Thomas B. Costain wrote *The Silver Chalice*, the novel seems to have been scripted for the screen by the author of *Mandrake the Magician*. The fatuously bizarre make-up, costumes, and posturing of Virginia Mayo and Jack Palance and the banally modernistic sets of Palestine and Rome heighten this illusion. The theatricality of these elements commands most attention, however, as the ancient Semites and Christians drift about with a stunned look which evidently is meant to convey nobility. Lorne Green makes a satisfactory screen debut. It is to be hoped that Hollywood won't type him as an imposing voice of doom to close epics in the Cecil B. De Mille manner, fading into eternity amidst swirls of mist and offering a vague moral in sepulchral tones: "life can be beautiful" even for Christians.

JOAN FOX

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NFB

Riches of the Earth 16 & 35 mm. 17 mins. color
The Structure of Unions 16 & 35 mm. 11 mins. b&w or color

► THE TECHNIQUE of animated drawings, commonly known as the "cartoon film," is put to imaginative and graphic use in *Riches of the Earth* (*Richesses de la Terre*) a descriptive survey of Canada's geological evolution during primeval years, when the constantly changing surface of the world, with its volcanic eruptions, forming of lakes and glaciers, decomposition of vegetable matter, erosion of the soil, and the grinding and breaking down of rocks, brought about the deposits of coal, iron, gold, silver, oil and other mineral wealth with which, today, this country is richly endowed.

Directed by Colin Low, from a script by Sydney Goldsmith, and photographed by Lyle Enright, this fascinating picture reminds one of Disney's "Rite of Spring" in *Fantasia*, although it is in no way imitative—and contains no dinosaurs! The drawing is skillful and sure, the color and design pleasing and dramatic; and the impressive changes of the earth's surface are pictorially re-created with an absorbing realism appealing vividly to the imagination.

Only with the animated film is it possible to depict so clearly this far-off age, and only with this boundless technique can we go back in time to see the minerals forming below the earth, observe sediment at the bottom of a cold, blue lake, watch the fine details of rock formation, and witness the result, in a few minutes, of a million years of change. Toward the end, the narrative jumps rather suddenly from pre-historic times to the present, with its well-drawn scenes of oil drilling and coal mining, and then closes with a thoughtful and picturesque receding view of the world at night with its homes, streets and industry springing to light in activity, all of which is made possible by the wealth beneath the earth.

The film's one drawback in the English version is the air of unrelieved melancholy brought about by Lister Sinclair's lugubriously written commentary, which he speaks in tones so overly-descriptive and mournful that only the brightness of the visuals prevents the film from falling into an abyss of despondency. Used with Louis Applebaum's weird mechanical, "other world" music, the atmosphere becomes altogether too cheerless. The subject hardly calls for so much consistent gloom; the music actually sets an appropriate mood, and it should have been balanced with a commentary which, while being a harmony with the whole, should nevertheless provide a poetic contrast and not rob the score of much of its intended effect by duplication of purpose.

A shortened version of this picture will be shown in theatres under the title, *A Thousand Million Years*.

Going to the other extreme, Eldon Rathburn has written a lively and humorous, but hardly appropriate, score in the modern jazz idiom for another animated film, *The Structure of Unions*. This, the fifth in the *Labour in Canada* series, is quite unlike the previous pictures (which were dramatized cases of union activity) in that it caricatures in cartoon form the make-up and functions of a union from what is called the "local level" up to the national body. Written and animated by Wolf Koenig and Robert Verrall, the drawings are modern, witty and entertaining (an opening travelling shot, however, is jerky) but they do not tell the story. This is contained in a manner none too clear in a commentary read by John Drainie. The visuals try to illustrate the spoken words; only occasionally are they in harmony.

Iceland, or *Iceland Today* as it is also known, is a Nordisk production, distributed in Canada by the NFB. It was photo-

graphed by Commander A. M. Dam of the Royal Danish Navy, and provides many interesting glimpses of life in Iceland, particularly the salting of the herring catch by which Iceland earns most of its income. The film falls between travelogue and social examination and the photography is poor; but in spite of the treatment the scenes of Icelandic people, their homes, the lakes and mountains, and the singing of folk melodies, make this an attractive and revealing film about a little-known land. (16 mm. b&w. 23 mins. 1953.)

Films from the United Kingdom Information Office, Ottawa (one or two reels in length and distributed to Film Councils by the NFB): *They Planted a Stone*, a moving and sensitively filmed account of the damming of the Nile in the Soudan since the early 1900's showing the resulting benefits to the peoples of Egypt and the Soudan. An unforgettable picture. *Grangemouth Project*, a tedious and uninspired report on the building of an oil refinery and pipe line in Scotland. *Plan for Coal*, a brilliantly made and edited film communicating in vivid terms the efforts of the National Coal Board to improve the life of the British miner and showing how far-reaching and intricate plans for new mines and new ways to cut coal are being carried out. A minor masterpiece in every way and an exciting example of how such a film should be made. *Making Boots and Shoes*, a thoughtfully made and absorbing account of footwear manufacture, showing first how a craftsman makes a pair of boots by hand and secondly, how ingenious machines perform the same operations. The purpose of this picture is to show youngsters looking for apprenticeship what work is like in this craft-industry. It is also a tribute to those men who designed the intricate machinery and to the skill of those who work it. Tribute to the village blacksmiths of Britain is simply and sincerely paid in *Local Handyman*, which shows, in the working day of one man and his son, how they are indispensable to village life and are called upon to repair everything from a saucepan to a tractor. It makes an interesting companion picture of the NFB's *Dick Hickey*, *Blacksmith* and *Irons in the Fire*. *From Beethoven to Boogie* is an indifferently filmed and somewhat tiresome description of the organizing, by a youth club, of a music appreciation group and in which a somewhat sulky jazzman is won over to Mozart. *Post Haste*, a revealing look into the multiple activities of the United Kingdom Post Office and how it maintains communications (letters, telephones, telegrams, etc.) and carries out research. Well made and engrossing.

GERALD PRATLEY

Music Review

► A GREAT COMPOSER inspires confidence. You may not know what he is going to do next, but whatever it is, you won't need to apologize for it. When the occasion comes, you can be sure he will rise to it. He may be perfunctory when it doesn't matter, but you can depend on him when the chips are down. This is true of an uneven composer like Schubert, as well as of an even one like Brahms. Schubert simply takes it easy at times; his music concentrates and unconcentrates. The process is obvious and need disturb no one very much.

Berlioz, however, is a composer whom you can't trust. You are continually hoping that he won't do what you think he just might do. This is a strain, and it is not entirely compensated for by the subtlety, magnificence and originality of the great passages which are scattered so profusely in most of his scores. The oboe melody which precedes the music of the Capulets' ball in *Romeo and Juliet* has never been surpassed in its kind. It surprises and ravishes the first

time it is heard, and the twentieth time. But, when a few moments later Berlioz gives it to the trombones as a counterpoint for the dance tune of the ball, the only appropriate response is a groan. Similarly, the thematic material in the first movement of *Harold in Italy* is rich and exciting, but when Berlioz tries to develop some of it in the German style (a style for which he had almost no talent at all), the result is not merely dull but unpleasantly pretentious as well. The real freshness of the movement (what could be lovelier than the opening round?) is liable to be buried.

Berlioz is, quite simply, a hazardous composer to like. But if you really do like him, no hazard will seem too great. He is not merely the most inventive and varied of nineteenth century melodists, but in some ways a great formal innovator as well. The melodies range from simple, unforgettable tunes like the shepherd's hymn in *The Childhood of Christ* or the soaring oboe melody in the *King Lear Overture*; through unsymmetrical, wide ranging melodic lines like the lovely first trio of the *Minuet of the Will o' the Wisp* or Hylas' song in *The Trojans* or the greatest of the many fine themes in the *Benvenuto Cellini Overture*; through rich, lush arias like "D'amour l'ardente flamme" from the *Damnation of Faust*, which is the sort of archetypal French melody which Massenet was always trying to write but never quite managing to; through strange, idiomatic pieces like Marguerite's "Gothic" aria, Mephistopheles' Serenade, or the Chorus of Nubian slaves in *The Trojans* where, incredibly enough, Berlioz achieves his exotic effect by studiously avoiding the chromatic; and finally through those remarkable embryonic melodies which emerge almost tunelessly out of a context carefully held in suspension, as in the central section of the Love Scene from *Romeo and Juliet* or of the slow movement from *Harold in Italy*. It is in such melodies that Berlioz's formal originality starts to become apparent. He is a master of gradual movement, of making casual bits of melody gradually and unexpectedly co-operate and fuse and work toward an end. (See the long development leading to the big climax in the first movement of the *Fantastic Symphony*, or, on a smaller scale, the fugal woodwind passage near the end of the Capulet's ball scene.) Unfortunately the end may be an anti-climax, but this is one of the hazards of Berlioz.

Berlioz is a fashionable composer today, although modern music seems to have learned little from him, perhaps to its loss. He is fashionable, but not popular, because much of his most original music needs repeated listening before it becomes sufficiently intelligible. So perhaps of all nineteenth century composers Berlioz stands to profit most from the continual availability which records can provide. Two recent recordings of large-scale works should give the curious listener a chance to explore at his leisure the range of Berlioz's achievements, as well as of his unpredictable lapses. First, Victor has given us a fine performance of the *Damnation of Faust* by Charles Munch, the Boston Symphony, the Harvard Glee Club, and soloists which include Suzanne Danco as Marguerite, David Poleri as Faust and Martial Singher as Mephistopheles. The soloists are superb and the recording brings out the texture of Berlioz's music (which is both rich and sharp) admirably. (This set should not be confused with Munch's performance of *Romeo and Juliet*, recorded a year earlier and generally inferior, both in performance and recording.) Second, there is an even finer performance (finer by the orchestra, although the male soloists are a bit uneven) of the second part of Berlioz's *Harold in Italy* at his most austere and uncompromising, but few, I think, could listen to the quintet, the septet and the love duet which follow each other at the end of Act Two without being impressed in a way that they could expect from no other

nineteenth century composer. Hermann Scherchen conducts the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire and Arda Mandikian makes a good deal out of the extremely demanding role of Dido.

MILTON WILSON



During discussion of the attorney-general's estimates, Tony Gargrave (CCF, Mackenzie) asked chairman Alexander Matthews for protection from Premier Bennett. "Mr. Premier is winking at me and trying to distract my attention from my speech . . . I was going to make a very important point but I've forgotten it."

(Daily Colonist, Vancouver, B.C.)

OTTAWA (CP)—John Blackmore, outspoken Social Creditor from Lethbridge, Alta., indicated Wednesday he has little regard for Oxford's Rhodes scholars and graduates of Cambridge and the London school of economics. "Generally speaking," he said, "when a man has graduated from any one of these he is a socialist in his ideas, he is a centralizer and he thinks nobody in the world knows how to govern a country except his own particular class. . . ."

(Vancouver Sun)

Our British Columbia artists may take heart after what I saw yesterday. They may keep right on dabbling with their oils on their canvasses, because I've come across a most delightful shop. . . . There was a study of a nude that I thought was quite fascinating, but the lady in charge told me there wasn't too much sale for that kind of thing. . . . Most of the paintings were in the "old" style; a tree looks like a tree, a mountain like a mountain, and a woman had curves where she is supposed to. . . . The more sophisticated paintings aren't any too popular with the people who actually pay out cash for a picture, it seems. . . . Anyway, this studio has several that are of the "new" look, including a pair that show a woman with just one eye, and which are considered suitable for a bachelor's apartment.

(Shopping Guide by Penny Wise, Vancouver Sun)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to Mrs. J. A. McLaren, Victoria, B.C. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

Correspondence

The Editor: I have read Professor Corbett's article "Provincial Rights and the Ivory Tower" in your February number with interest. May I add one or two comments.

I was and am concerned to preserve and maintain the maximum freedom for our Universities, and I do not think it is in their interests or in the public interest, to think, or write or talk, of them as being within the exclusive jurisdiction of any government—Provincial or Federal. I know that for certain legal purposes they operate under laws and regulations—as do all the rest of us—but historically and traditionally they were not the creatures or creations of government, but rather "communities of scholars." I am anxious lest this idea be lost sight of in our society and the management of the universities be taken over by an "appropriate department of government." I am certain that this would not be desirable or wise. The controls, which society does exercise through finances and public opinion, are more than adequate.

The other comment has to do with taxation and "Provincial Rights." Again I am worried about emphasis on the political and legal approach to this problem. Our constitution is a pretty good one but it was drafted in 1867. We live in the age of the atomic and hydrogen bomb. If we are to survive, we must concern ourselves less with our "rights" and more with effective cooperation at all levels. This is being forgotten and overlooked in far too many cases and situations within Canada and throughout the "free World."

N. A. M. MacKenzie, The University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C.

The Editor: Will you spare me some space to discuss an article by Mr. Frank H. Underhill on the "CCF, NATO, and West Germany" in your March issue?

The charge of "vulgar vituperation" which Mr. Underhill levels at me is, of course, of interest only to me and not in itself of any great importance; but I must say that a careful re-reading of my speech in *Hansard* has failed to reveal anything which, to my mind, would warrant such a charge. Of course I do not know what passes for "vulgar vituperation" in the secluded academic groves of Toronto and can only speculate on the prim, maidenly horror with which Mr. Underhill must regard the vigorous and uninhibited debate in which the Mother of Parliaments delights at Westminster.

Much more serious is the gross distortion of the CCF position contained in this article. To say that the CCF opposition to the Paris Agreements was based on a belief in the "moral depravity of the German people" or to imply that any CCF speaker even suggested that the Germans as a people are morally depraved, is a complete falsification of the facts. I hesitate to suggest that Mr. Underhill is guilty of deliberate falsehood. On the other hand, the only alternative explanation is that he neglected to read the speeches he now essays to criticize—conduct which, on the part of one with pretensions to being an historian, is as reprehensible as deliberate falsehood.

Mr. Underhill is as far from the truth when he attributes to the CCF a belief in "the socialist myth that Soviet Com-

munist, because it is a socialist movement, must prove ultimately virtuous." In this he reveals more about his own ignorance of current trends of thought than about the CCF. Not for twenty years have socialists considered that Soviet totalitarianism is in any way a "socialist movement." That sort of political illiteracy has been for many years the prerogative of the more ignorant section of Toryism, the LPP and similar Communist groups, the editors of *Time Magazine*, and now we must add Mr. Underhill to the roster.

The CCF position was, and is, based on some plain harsh facts. The first is that we must either prepare to fight the Russians and their satellites and allies, or we must find some basis for a *modus vivendi* with them. (Does Mr. Underhill know of a third alternative?)

The second, arising out of the first, is that in this thermo-nuclear age, war is no longer a feasible instrument of policy. (Has Mr. Underhill some source of knowledge which contradicts this and is not available to such people as Bertrand Russell, Prince Louis de Broglie, Brock Chisholm, Lord Boyd Orr, and every physicist of repute in the world?)

The third is that one can only come to terms with an antagonist by bargaining—by offering him something he wants in exchange for something you want. One of the things Russia wants is a disarmed and neutralized Germany; one of the things we want is a re-united, free, democratic Germany. Many competent observers whose reports have appeared in such journals as the *Observer*, the *London Times* and *Le Monde* of Paris, have expressed the view that it has



THE BIG TREE (Linocut)—MARTHA I. HOUSTON

been possible to strike a bargain on these lines and have deplored the obstinate refusal of the western powers to exploit the situation.

Mr. Underhill contends that such an agreement would lead to Russian military aggression in the west. Even if one were to grant Russia's desire to embark on such a dangerous course, one must then ask what deterred her from it in the years after 1945 when, according to General Gruenther, she had overwhelming superiority in conventional weapons; and what has altered the situation since then.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Underhill's final sentence reveals the real basis of his thinking which, I realize, renders him quite impervious to the sort of arguments I and my colleagues presented in the House. These last words show that he is still toying with the dangerously irrational idea that at some time, at some point, we shall be able to unleash a thermo-nuclear war and gain something from it.

Every competent physical scientist in the world has told us that this is a goal impossible of achievement. For that reason the CCF has preferred to seek a solution to the grim problems that confront us elsewhere than in the naive though dangerous daydreams of Mr. Underhill and others like him who, despite an virginal innocence of all scientific knowledge, would have us march boldly along on a course which those in a position to know tell us spells certain destruction.

Colin Cameron, MP, Nanaimo, B.C.

Mr. Underhill writes:

(1) Mr. Cameron objects to my use of the term "rather vulgar vituperation" as applied to his speech in the debate. (I said "rather vulgar vituperation.") I was referring to his attitude to Mr. Pearson's exposition of the government policy. *Hansard* (p. 530) reports him as saying: "Instead of being an adult, sophisticated, cold analysis of a dangerous situation . . . it (the Pearson speech) was a rather embarrassing combination of . . . hillbilly self-righteousness and disregard of real actualities." And after contrasting this speech with one delivered by Mr. Pearson in Boston, "which has a well-deserved reputation of being allergic to the more illiterate forms of expression," Mr. Cameron ended by calling the Pearson speech in the Commons "a sort of superman comic strip." I describe language of this kind as "rather vulgar vituperation," using the word "vituperation," of course, in its House of Commons sense. I do not doubt that Mr. Cameron is capable of efforts much more vulgar and much more vituperative. But I do doubt whether Mr. Speaker will allow him to make them inside the House of Commons.

(2) Mr. Cameron denies that any part of the case of the CCF majority who agreed with him was based on a belief in the moral depravity of the German people. Well, here is what *Hansard* (p. 518-519) reports Mr. Harold Winch as saying: "We are asked to forgive and forget. Sometimes it is a good thing to do so. We are asked to believe that there has been a change in the national viewpoint and outlook in that important country. . . . We are asked to forget that, up until ten years ago, Germany was the nation that prosecuted, persecuted, imprisoned, tortured, crucified, and murdered thousands of innocents. We are asked to believe that all that has changed. . . . Two generations of Canadians have gone down under German guns, and at this time, with all the evidence that is before us, I cannot see myself giving approval to what might mean a third generation of Canadians having to face German guns."

I have not space to quote other CCF members verbatim. But Mr. Alistair Stewart (p. 409), Mr. Joseph Noseworthy (p. 418), Mr. Herridge (p. 455-457), Mr. Castleden (p. 492-493), and Mr. Stanley Knowles (p. 395-396) all ex-

pressed their fears of a revival of German militarism and nazism; and while they all guarded themselves against attributing these evils to the German people as a whole, they all expressed their belief in the special susceptibility of the German people to temptations of this kind. The members of parliament who supported Mr. Pearson in this debate, of course, shared these doubts about German mentality; but they were willing to give the Germans the benefit of the doubt at this moment. The CCF majority were not willing to do so. If this is not to express a belief in the moral depravity of the German people as distinguished from other western peoples, I don't know what it is.

(3) Mr. Cameron repudiates with characteristic Cameron indignation any suggestion of conscious sympathy with Soviet Communism in the minds of himself and his friends. But this wasn't what I suggested. I said that they are moved by "an inarticulate major premise." And the confident faith he displays in his letter that we can negotiate successfully with the Soviet authorities without effectively arming ourselves shows that, in spite of all his fine words in denunciation of Communism, he has not adequately measured the extent of Communist ambition or the depth of Communist totalitarianism.

(4) Mr. Cameron says that we must negotiate with Soviet Russia or fight with her. But this is not the point at issue. Our government, through the usual diplomatic channels and through United Nations facilities, are negotiating all the time with Russia. The question is under what conditions we are to negotiate.

I agree with Sir Winston Churchill, President Eisenhower and the overwhelming majority of the Canadian parliament that the only possible way of deterring the Communist powers from seeking what they want by armed force (including atomic and hydrogen weapons) is to make it clear to them that we are prepared to use armed force also. This threat of force may not succeed as a deterrent in maintaining peace. But at the moment the deterrent of superior hydrogen power is our only hope of a tolerable peace. Mr. Cameron uses up so much space with his rhetorical indignation that he fails to define what kind of a bargain with Russia he thinks could be struck by people like himself who refuse to re-arm West Germany (East Germany is already re-armed) and refuse to consider the use of our atomic and hydrogen weapons. The prospects for peace are not very good under any conditions, but the only peace that Mr. Cameron's type of diplomacy could get from Moscow would soon be found by all of us to be intolerable.

There are, in fact, various kinds of peace and various kinds of negotiations, but Mr. Cameron is here using the word "peace" and "negotiation" as emotion-stirring slogans rather than as terms in an intellectual debate. This is exactly how Soviet propagandists make use of these and similar words. When a man finds himself following the Communist party line so closely, he should go into a quiet retreat and ask himself seriously whether he may not be acting in a way that has more sinister implications than even my "day-dreaming."

[Other letters raising issues similar to those contained in Mr. Cameron's letter were also received. They require no separate reply from Professor Underhill.—Eds.]

The Editor: When I subscribed to *Canadian Forum* some eighteen months ago, I was under the impression that it was a publication with a *progressive* social, political and economic outlook on Canadian affairs. (I have never concerned myself much with the literary and artistic comment in the *Forum*.) Needless to say, I soon found that the *Forum* was not the same publication that had come out under that

name during the Dark Thirties, and which championed the cause of social reform. I probably could have saved myself \$5 by asking any CCFer what he thought of the current *Forum* before I subscribed to it. Since I am aware that the *Forum* is not exactly a thriving business, I hope you do not react bitterly to what I must conclude; namely, that \$5 will buy me a two-year subscription to *Maclean's Magazine*, which oddly enough has a higher percentage of articles with a progressive outlook than the *Forum*, and yet is still much more prosperous.

I shall continue to read the *Forum* at the library, and I shall, after reading each issue, attempt to determine whether the gamble of \$5 on the next eleven issues is likely to pay off better than the last \$5. Since there is so little difference between the subscription price and the price of 12 copies bought separately, I shall probably adopt the policy I have long used for *Life Magazine* . . . buying the issues specially worth having, and ignoring the rest.

I hope it will not sound too hypocritical to conclude by saying that I wish the *Forum* good luck, because I believe the way your publication will achieve it will be by adopting a more progressive policy, thus it is quite natural for me to wish your magazine prosperity. There are too many competitors in the field of reactionary publishing, but the need for progressive publishing in Canada is great. The best way to make a business successful, in pure terms of Adam Smith economics, is to satisfy an unsatisfied need!

John H. R. Lee, Toronto, Ont.

The Editor: From a book review in The Canadian Forum for January these lines were taken:

"The nearly three hundred pages of English essays, poems, and stories begin with Robert Graves's essay 'The Devil is a Protestant': 'He has always been a perfectionist, even when sick, which is indeed what provoked his expulsion from Heaven: since no human soul, not even a Molière, came up to his mercilessly high standards, he demanded that saints be abolished altogether . . . So he converted only the humorless Protestants to his view; and (herein I come to the point) impressed his sneer on my infant features at the very font'."

Is this not both fine writing and pure nonsense? Of course Robert Graves may have intended it as just that. Does he not here write humorously of his own want of humor?

Others have stated essentially the same thing. The late Clarence Darrow said he was happy to leave the small town of his origin because too many Presbyterians lived there—intolerant and humorless.

Looking back sixty years to a small town predominantly Protestant and Presbyterian, and looking good and hard, I find no recollection of a discipline so severe as to crush the humor of the natives. True there were a few pietistic people who looked upon mirth as of the Devil, but if these individuals represented the ideal of Protestantism, then it can be said that only an infinitesimal fraction of Protestants ever approached the ideal.

My observation would lead to the conclusion the basic good humor of the peoples of all races and all religions is not easily crushed, indeed is never crushed, unless under stress of famine or invasion.

Sixty years ago in my native village there were two Presbyterian churches. (They are there today as they were then). In one neither instrumental music or hymns was permitted, and presumably the shorter catechism was the bedrock of their faith. The members of this church were all Scots.

"I see, Mr. Ramage, you are wending your way to divine worship at the Oatmeal Kirk," was a remark a youth made to a local miller, one of this strict flock.

This young man was not put in the stocks. He renamed a

church. It was Mr. Ramage who told the story. To this day it is still the Oatmeal church and its adherents, Oatmealers. What is here of straight-laced sobriety or intolerance, in the strictest of the strict?

From G. B. Chesterton to Graham Greene there has been a movement of literary men into the Catholic church. That these men find more cultural values in such a change may not be surprising. But humor is a simpler thing and not related to culture. It is as likely to be found in the peasant as the poet, the bartender as the barrister. Found as rich in the Protestant as the Catholic, or in the man of Jewish faith.

Stewart Cowan, Port Credit, Ont.

Turning New Leaves

►IN *THE FRENCH CANADIANS** Mason Wade has given us the most enlightening and comprehensive account we have had yet of this national group from its beginnings three centuries ago down to the present day, and in particular of its problems of survival and expansion in a difficult environment. Dominating the study is a factual inventory never before equalled or more fully documented, and this helps to make the author a cool and judicious guide in crossing the thin ice of inter-cultural relations in Canada. Much of the book is devoted to uncovering monuments to French and English emotional aggressions, and to exploring the outer limits of Catholicism and nationalism in Quebec, and of religious, imperialist, and racist sentiments in Ontario. Indeed, this concern with the clash of extremists causes a fundamental distortion in the picture of French Canadian society portrayed by Mr. Wade, and limits him in reaching one of his announced objectives of revising the accounts of other historians. The construction of the book around a chain of religious, social, economic, political, and cultural crises, together with its emphasis on outspoken individuals, reinforces this tendency to distortion. It is largely the intellectual history of portions of the élite and of their internal divisions when the society was under severe strains.

Particularly important for understanding French Canada today are Mr. Wade's chapters "Growing Pains," covering the first thirty years after Confederation, and "Industrialization and Laurentianism," in which he examines the period between the two world wars. Both were periods of intense conflict over the future design and control of a changing society, with the battle finally going to the author's "moderates." In the first, the ultramontane Bishops Bourget and Laflèche and journalists like Tardivel contend against liberalism as represented by Archbishop Taschereau, Chabreau David, and Laurier, while economic depression, political party realignments, and problems of the Catholic church in Europe encourage fanaticism. In the second, the reader is taken into all the anti-democratic eddies of chiefism, anti-semitism, and fascist corporatism and introduced to such exponents of separatist nationalism as the Abbé Groulx. A cardinal theme is the fusion of religion and nationalism to the discredit of each. The heavier the pressures on the society, the more racist and provincialist becomes the reaction of sections of the élite. The defensive character of extremism is indicated by the author, and he concludes in most cases that only a small minority subscribed to its claims.

The social and intellectual means available in the society to contain the explosive forces it engenders are not so fully explored as are the sources of extremism. Social structure, especially the small size and weakness of the French Canadian industrial bourgeoisie, ought perhaps to receive more

**THE FRENCH CANADIANS, 1760-1945*: F. Mason Wade; The Macmillan Company of Canada; pp. 1136; \$6.00.

attention than the behavior of individuals in analyses of the roots of immoderate Catholicism and nationalism in Quebec. More weight, too, should be given to the built-in controls in ultramontanism; that is, those doctrines emphasizing the leading role of the Church in society, of the Pope in the Church, the supremacy of Church over State, and the supporting doctrines of an authoritarian and hierarchical order. For example, appeal to Roman discipline has been protection to lay readers in Quebec against ecclesiastics, and they have used it successfully in protesting clerical intervention in elections in the 1870's, in winning toleration for the Liberal party in the next decade, and in moderating the Quebec clergy during the Manitoba school dispute of the 1890's. Cardinal Villeneuve wrote of the greatest ultramontane nationalist in Quebec history, Henri Bourassa, "It has always been observed that he better understands a faraway Pope or a dead Pope than living bishops, who embarrass him."

Among Mr. Wade's findings are that French Canadians are lonely in North America, that they are much given to the leadership principle, that powerful conformist tendencies constantly operate, that they are tradition-bound, that survival has long since been secured, and that the extremists have generally been those "resisting all change and all outside influences." But one effect of the evidence which the author so admirably marshals is to challenge these judgments, orthodox as they may appear. The impression grows on the reader, for example, that French Canadians have been much at home in North America and that probably it has been the English Canadians who have been lonely; that conformity is checked by a large volume of public debate on vital issues; that rival centres of power and leadership have always been maintained, and that outstanding leaders like Papineau, Mercier, Bourget, Laurier and Bourassa all faced popular reactions and loss of prestige and control; and that notwithstanding the force of tradition the striking fact is the amount of change the society accepted. The extremists, moreover, have often been those most anxious for significant change, and most ready to import outside influences. Thus it was, at least, with the Rouges party exalting the political institutions of the United States and the political ideas of liberal France; with the corporatists who advocate rebuilding the social order in keeping with Papal encyclicals, and, in some cases, with Italian Fascism; and so also, with the separatists.

Readers will find in Mr. Wade's book not only interesting judgments, as when he concludes that the reinforcement crisis of 1944 was "in great measure an artificial one brought on by the unscrupulous efforts of a party long in opposition to win power at any cost," and that the "true" nationalism espoused by Bourassa at the turn of the century is "now largely adopted by forward-looking English Canadians." They will find there also a mass of significant information on the artistic, literary, political and social development of French Canada, and a clarity of thought and lively enthusiasm for his themes, helping to carry them through its eleven hundred pages.

MARTIN O'CONNELL

Books Reviewed

THE STRUGGLE FOR MASTERY IN EUROPE 1848-1918: A. J. P. Taylor; Oxford; pp. xxvi, 638; \$6.00.

This is a fascinating study of international power politics; and Mr. Taylor is at the very top of his form. There was no need for the publisher to write in the blurb on the jacket that "by vivid language and forceful characterization the book aspires to be a work of literature as well as a contribution to scientific history." The book is Taylorian from the first sentence to the last. If the other volumes in the new

series of "The Oxford History of Modern Europe" even approach this volume in their literary quality, the new series will put "The Oxford History of England" very much into the shade.

Mr. Taylor explains that he is studying the European Great Powers as pure power entities without regard to their internal history. But he gives enough of the social and economic background to prevent his study from becoming an unreal abstraction. He introduces it with a paean of praise for the principle of the balance of power. "In fact, Europe has known almost as much peace as war; and it has owed these periods of peace to the Balance of Power . . . Men have not always acquiesced in the perpetual quadrille of the Balance of Power. They have often wished that the music would stop and that they could sit out a dance without maintaining the ceaseless watch on each other. They have sought for some universal authority which would overshadow the individual states and deprive them of sovereignty." And at the end of his period, in 1918, he points out that two substitutes for the balance of power were now being offered, by Wilson and by Lenin. Evidently he wishes his readers to reflect on how much better our world would be today if we had achieved a world balance something like the nineteenth-century balance among the European great powers, instead of spending so much effort in pursuit of the ideals of Wilson or Lenin.

But his history is a history without heroes; and as such it is apt to make its readers reflect upon what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue even when we pursue the balance of power. He takes pains to remove some of the gilt from Bismarck's gingerbread at almost every step in Bismarck's career. He points out repeatedly how Bismarck exposed Germany eventually to a war on two fronts by tying her up to Hapsburg Austria. He is critical of British policy in Europe, and in particular is fond of pointing out that the various British flirtations with Germany offered the Germans nothing but the prospect of bearing the brunt of some future war with Russia fought for British interests in Asia. And to show that he is not merely the intellectual making hard judgments on practical politicians, he remarks about Tocqueville that, like many daring thinkers, he was timid when it came to action and had one characteristic of the intellectual in action in his fondness for attributing unworthy motives to his opponents.

The book modifies many of the ordinary popular historical judgments about nineteenth-century diplomacy. It treats all the old hackneyed themes with freshness and vigor. And the hard crystalline Hobbesian clarity of Mr. Taylor's analysis makes it a delight to read throughout. Not the least stimulating part is the critical bibliography of thirty pages at the end in which the author treats the great in the world of historical scholarship with as little reverence as he has shown toward the great in diplomacy.

Frank H. Underhill.

A DIARY WITH LETTERS, 1931-1950: Thomas Jones; Oxford; pp. 582; \$6.00.

Tom Jones is the kind of man who has made the British civil service distinguished. An able, perceptive and cultured Welshman, he became a civil servant in 1912, and four years later was appointed Deputy Secretary to the Cabinet. In this office he won, not merely the confidence, but the friendship of leading political figures. The present volume covers a period of nineteen years after his retirement from the service (in 1930) to become the first secretary of the Pilgrim Trust. In these years he had the closest ties with Whitehall, associated constantly with those who made decisions in Downing Street (he was an intimate friend of two such diverse personalities as Stanley Baldwin and Lloyd George), followed closely the course of national and international

affairs, and mingled with leaders in literature and the arts. Inevitably the letters and diary entries vary in importance. Some are illuminating, and others, while they are entertaining, add little to our knowledge of the time. It is a small but revealing point to find Violet Markham writing that she was invited by Mackenzie King to prepare some of his speeches when he visited London for the Coronation of George VI. "It will be rather fun," she remarked, "trying to divert his mind from the turbid oratory in which all Colonial premiers seem to indulge."

Fresh anecdotes abound in this book, arresting descriptions of events are present, and vivid character sketches suddenly turn up. But its chief importance is the light it throws on the anxieties, thoughts, judgments and misjudgments of the British governing class in the years before and during the Second World War. Within this grim period members of the class stumbled into desperate situations, but usually appeared little surprised by what they had got into. British sangfroid is not a myth. Here it is illustrated, if not diagnosed. The class embraced men of varied temperament and mind, but once more we have evidence of how closely they came together when danger threatened the nation and how little actually separated them, whatever their political badges, in thought and conviction. They were all fixed within the frame of British conceptions. We hope that some day the diary of Tom Jones as civil servant, 1916-1930, will be published. It would be certain to throw further light on the most remarkable governing class in modern history.

A.B.

NINE TROUBLED YEARS: Viscount Templewood (Sir Samuel Hoare); Collins; pp. 448; \$5.00.

Viscount Templewood was the Sir Samuel Hoare of the Hoare-Laval agreement of 1935. He served in a variety of cabinet offices during the 1930's, being the Secretary of State for India who negotiated with Gandhi and put through the Government of India Act of 1935 — against Winston Churchill's bitter opposition — as well as the Foreign Secretary of the Abyssinian crisis. He was one of the right-hand men of both Baldwin and Chamberlain, and as such was one of the chief makers of the Munich policy. This volume of his is a review of his part in the politics of the 1930's. It is a sort of *apologia pro vita sua*, and a very persuasive one. His sketches of the ministers with whom he worked are vivid, especially of Baldwin and Chamberlain; and his explanations of why they pursued the policies they did pursue are very clearly and reasonably presented. On the whole he makes a pretty convincing case for his thesis that the reason for the weakness of British foreign policy in the 1930's was not a gang of "appeasers" or a "Cliveden set" at the centre but the fundamental military weakness of the country and the intense anti-war attitude of the British people.

This volume, along with the recent one of Thomas Jones, *A Diary with Letters 1931-1950*, does more than anything else that I have read to enable one to understand the atmosphere in which policy was conducted and to see the problem as the men of the time saw it. But it also reveals more fully perhaps than the author intended that these men were afraid of Hitler, and that fear made them act like "the oldest of old women" (he unkindly recalls that this was what the *New Statesman* on one occasion during these years called Winston Churchill), instead of nerving them to take the drastic steps in self-defence that were necessary, especially the steps to shake British public opinion out of its dream-world.

One of the elements in the situation which Lord Templewood brings out was the determination of the Dominion, especially of Canada under Mr. King, not to get involved in another European war via League of Nations sanctions or

British Commonwealth obligations. But at the end of the volume he tells one little story which will shake the faith of any Canadian reader who up to that point may almost have been persuaded by the reasonableness of the Baldwin-Chamberlain-Halifax-Hoare case. When war broke out Chamberlain asked him to become Lord Privy Seal with a seat in the War Cabinet so that he could devote himself to special war problems. Sir Samuel Hoare thereupon selected as a special adviser to himself upon economic matters no other than Mr. R. B. Bennett, lately arrived from Canada. If these men couldn't see through the preposterous Bennett, how can they expect us to believe them capable of handling the Europe of Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, Franco and Laval?

Frank H. Underhill.

MAGNIFICENT JOURNEY: THE RISE OF THE TRADE UNIONS: Francis Williams; Nelson, Foster & Scott; pp. 448; \$3.25.

Francis Williams must be by far the best propagandist that the Labor Party possesses. His books are so attractive as human documents and so easy to read. He was editor of the *Daily Herald* before 1939 and served as Mr. Attlee's chief adviser on public relations when labor came into power in 1945. His books of the war period, *Ten Angels Swearing* and *The Triple Challenge*, were provocative and suggestive discussions of the problems facing the Labor movement and the British people at that time. His three recent books—the biography of Ernest Bevin, the history of the Labor Party (*Fifty Years March*) and this new history of British trade unionism—present the Labor movement much more attractively than any of its parliamentary spokesmen seem capable of doing. They also give a philosophic understanding of its problems and difficulties, and this in spite of the fact that they are written for popular consumption. The study of Ernest Bevin took pains to show his unpleasant side as a ruthless power-hungry labor boss as well as his growth into statesmanship. You couldn't find a book that gives a more illuminating insight into political labor than his *Twenty Years March*, even though it does gloss over the deep divisions in the party after the debacle of 1931. And now he has done the same kind of job on the history of the trade unions.

This new volume is rather thin on developments since the General Strike of 1926, and it hasn't enough to say about the current difficulties of unionism in an economy that isn't too sure of its future. But *Magnificent Journey* has great virtues also. Above all, it emphasizes properly that the real effort of organized labor has not been merely to improve the material conditions of the working people but to gain status for them in the national community, to recover for the worker the essential human dignity of which he was robbed in the early stages of the industrial revolution. The book is made more interesting by sketches of the chief individual trade union leaders from the Chartist period to the present. It is especially illuminating on the bitter struggle of trade unionism in the decade before 1914, and on the long crisis after World War I which culminated in the defeat of the General Strike of 1926. Altogether the book does a good deal to correct the rosy pictures on this side of the Atlantic of Britain as the paradise of trade unionism. It shows what an uphill struggle labor has had in the industrial field right up to the present generation.

F.H.U.

PEOPLE OF PLENTY: David M. Potter; University of Toronto Press; (University of Chicago Press); pp. 219; \$3.50.

David Potter, a Yale historian, wishes to reinstate national character, a term long discredited by its association with romantic nationalist and racist dogmas, as a legitimate topic

of historical inquiry. Since psychoanalysts, cultural anthropologists, and social psychologists have recently been studying national character in a purportedly scientific way, he wants the historian to learn from them and to overcome his bad scholarly conscience about the subject.

Professor Potter seems insufficiently aware of the fact that the writings of contemporary students of national character, far from winning the wide acceptance that might justify honoring them with the label "science," have been highly "controversial" even within their own academic disciplines. His summary of books by Margaret Mead, Karen Horney, and David Riesman, whom he selects as representative analysts of American character, raises grave doubts about his grasp of the complexities of this field and the interpretive abuses to which it is prone. He is impressed by the convergence in the views of these three writers, but remains quite oblivious to the fact that Riesman's concept of American character, advanced a decade after those of Mead and Horney, was intended to be a criticism and thorough revision of theirs. And all three books are essentially speculative essays which hardly constitute solid body of validated conclusions on which the historian can find firm footing. It is never entirely clear exactly what Professor Potter wants from historians. Is he asking for historical studies of the development of American character? Or does he want historians to incorporate the concept of national character into their interpretive work? The latter is a far more hazardous undertaking than the former. Some social scientists influenced by psychoanalysis have wildly over-emphasized the importance of characterological determinants, and the precise role they should play in historical interpretation is difficult to estimate.

The author's analysis in the second and longest part of the book of the impact of economic abundance on American national character is disappointingly commonplace. De Tocqueville wrote in 1830: "The favorable influence of the temporal prosperity of America upon the institutions of that country has been so often described by others, and adverted to by myself, that I shall not enlarge upon it beyond the addition of a few facts." Yet in 1954 Professor Potter seems to think he has hold of a shiny new idea. He might be justified in thinking so if there were anything novel about his discussion of the connection between a rising standard of living and the American ethos of equality, mobility, "class peace," and child-centred family life, but there is not. The chapter on abundance and the class system, however, does summarize with admirable clarity the meaning of equality to Americans. The description of the American class structure is hardly original, but Professor Potter sharply distinguishes social mobility from diminution in the social and economic differences between classes, a distinction that is often blurred by sociologists and left-wing ideologues. The chapter on the role of the frontier also deserves mention; it provides a useful review of the debate over Turner's hypothesis and an acceptable reassessment of the importance of the frontier in American history. *Dennis H. Wrong*

VANISHED WITHOUT TRACE: THE STORY OF SEVEN YEARS IN SOVIET RUSSIA: Antoni Ekart; translated by E. Sykes and E. S. Virpsha; Clarke, Irwin (Max Parrish); pp. 320; \$3.25.

Antoni Ekart's book is an interesting contribution to literature on the Soviet Union and the Soviet System, all the more so since he spent seven and a half years in Soviet prisons and labor camps, among these, one year in Ivanovo, the "Manchester" of Soviet Russia. To those acquainted with Soviet affairs, to specialists who know that slave labor forms the most important part of Soviet economy, Ekart has nothing new to say, though his quiet, matter of fact account of the hell on earth in which millions of human beings are

"historically" condemned to live, is a shock even for those who are used to the facts of Soviet life. Ekart spent most of his term in Northern Russia, part of it near the famous Vorkuta coal basin, near the Arctic ocean, and his account of what he witnessed on the spot should be weighed in the balance with the achievements of Soviet planning. Ekart, a Pole, met many interesting Russian prisoners in the camps and prisons he worked in and his recorded conversations with them are of great interest for the light they shed on the different approaches of these men to their fate, on the attitude of Russians in general to their regime and their interpretation of foreign news. His dialogue with a former State Prosecutor, deputy to Vishinsky in 1937, can be taken as a modern equivalent to Ivan's dream in the Brothers Karamazov. Pages 284-289 on which this dialogue is recorded give a summary of what a Communist can answer to the horrors of his regime; whether his reasoning, in view of the rest of the book, can stand the test, it is up to the reader to decide.

It is astonishing how some Western intellectuals who are so righteously indignant over the iniquities of the capitalist system and the suffering it causes, can calmly accept the fact that "some people" are bound to suffer in social and economic revolutions, that their suffering can be justified "historically", or "morally" or "economically". Bourgeois justice is apparently inadequate in the West, but other principles justify what is being done in the East. How can they believe with J. P. Sartre that "This puritanical and lying doctrine brings with it the sincerest and purest hope" that "This theory which radically denies the freedom of man has become the surest instrument of his liberation"? On the question as to whether or not to reveal publicly what he knew about Soviet labor camps, Sartre chose to keep silence. In his opinion the intellectual is faced with the dilemma of "betraying the interests of the exploited classes in the name of truth—or, to betray truth in order to serve the proletariat." (*Les Temps modernes*, 1947).

Outrage, hatred and revolt against the unjust suffering and exploitation of human beings used to be the honorable basis of left-wing convictions. Communism has complicated matters and the myth still blinds men to the facts. I wonder if Ekart's book will prod any intellectual out of his smug anti-capitalist, anti-American literary slippers and drive him to think for himself; drive him to realize that truth and the general welfare of mankind should be synonymous and not paradoxical; make him see at last that there is no racial, political, economical or social justification for murder and suffering? *Anna M. Cienciala*

REPORT ON AFRICA: Oden Meeker; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 410; \$6.50.

THE SACRED FOREST: P-D Gaisseau (translated by Alan Ross); Weidenfield & Nicolson; pp. 199; \$4.25.

Mr. Oden Meeker is refreshingly free of the airs which journalists visiting Africa are apt to give themselves. He does not affect the minor prophet, neither does he drink pink gin with settlers and administrators only to requite hospitality with cheerful prognostications of the day when his hosts' blood will gush in the dry water courses. Nor is he an expert, for he has much to say; and an expert (since he who says nothing can say nothing wrong) if he speaks at all, takes care to contradict himself. Mr. Meeker is simply a writer who enjoys Africa and all its inhabitants, human, animal, and civil serving: no wonder—*O saecium insipiens et infacetum*.—no wonder he has been called flippant.

Report on Africa is the account of a year's travels in the territories south of the Sahara, and (what is likely to be of lasting interest) it is also an introduction to the literature of the continent. We meet, as we expected, such newsworthies as Jomo Kenyatta, Kwame Nkrumah and the Kabaka of Bug-

anda: we also come face to face with the odious but remarkable Stanley, with the Palm Wine Drunkard, with Mary Kingsley and the splendidly mad Mungo Park. Mr. Meeker's book is solid but easy reading and in return for the mass of information it pleasantly imparts one willingly overlooks the lapses of the proof-reader (Queen's Counsellor for Queen's Counsel, rhinoceros, etc.). There are 32 pages of good photographs, an index and a select bibliography.

The Sacred Forest is a sort of diary in the existential present tense: it is a study in superstition (superstition being the name we give to other people's religion). The author and three technicians (all French) succeeded in photographing, recording and taking part in the fetishist cults of the Toma tribe in the part of French Guinea that borders on Liberia; they underwent initiation ceremonies and by the exercise of some considerable diplomacy penetrated to the heart of the sacred forest. But their activities divided the tribe and as a result of the unrest they caused the governor was obliged to revoke their authorization. M. Gaisseau, though not a professional anthropologist (perhaps *because* not a professional anthropologist) has a gift for vivid, spare description sparsely punctuated by perceptive comment. Though the book will appeal to a popular audience, with its sensational presentation of "ye beastlie deuces of ye heathen" it should also interest ethnologists and students of comparative religion.

The 32 full-page photographs are the best I have seen, not just for their artistic merit—which is outstanding—but for their representative character. In the background of a kidnapper is a dog biting at a flea on his flank; just such a dog, prick-eared and bright-eyed, is shown in another picture on the point of becoming a bloody sacrifice. Perhaps nowhere but in Africa are natural and supernatural so intimately or so fearsomely wed.

Kildare R. E. Dobbs

HUMANITIES: Desmond MacCarthy; Ambassador Books; pp. 222; \$3.00.

F. R. Leavis was probably right in calling Desmond MacCarthy a literary middleman. In the literary and dramatic criticism gathered together in this book one feels that a polished mild-mannered liberal and witty gentleman is saying, "Come at least this far with me. Drop that Galsworthy and have a go at this Joyce for at least ten minutes; although you may never read Joyce, at least what I'm going to say is a start." Making a start is probably all that articles on T. S. Eliot for the *Sunday Times* and reviews of *The Cherry Orchard* for the *New Statesman* should be expected to do; those who have had their appetites thus aroused may knock their heads against *Partisan Review* and *Essays in Criticism*.

The essay entitled "Reviews and Professors" gives some startling information about the relationship between editors and reviewers: "Editor:—(Then, brightening a little), 'May I tell you how you ought to have approached me? If you want to get work on a paper, start by posing as a specialist . . . If you only take trouble to read up your subject while reviewing a book upon it . . . you can usually put up a fair show of knowing something about it.'" This explains quite a lot about the tone of some reviews in English literary weeklies; in the case, say, of a review of Drayton's complete works by a young poet who usually eats up the latest Roy Fuller or Kathleen Raine, it often seems that there has just been a mad dash to the Museum Reading Room. MacCarthy suggests that the young reviewer be humble and crib from Professor Elton; not so much of a rush then. So this book not only illustrates the wares of the middleman, but it gives you various lessons in how to be one.

This collection also contains two short stories, some autobiography and some political writing. In one of the short stories, "The Bear," a small boy throws a rubber ball into a dancing bear's mouth; later he finds out that the bear has

died, apparently from failing to digest the rubber ball. The small boy is fantastically conscience stricken, but is also never quite sure that his act really has caused the bear's death. Is one too much of a fascist beast in saying that the young Desmond MacCarthy, before going through all that very liberal but agonizing conscience-strickenness, should bluntly have asked the bear-keeper, by sign language if necessary, whether the bear actually were dying because of the rubber ball?

James Reaney

OTTAWA: PORTRAIT OF A CAPITAL: Blodwen Davies; McGraw-Hill; pp. 185; illustrated; \$3.95.

Seven different books might be written about Ottawa. Geography could be the topic of one, politics of another, and industry of a third. For Ottawa has more than one facet. Were it not a capital, it could be famous for no other reason but the beauty of its setting; and situated as it is at the southeastern angle of the Canadian Shield, on the banks of one of the Shield's great rivers, its industrial prospects probably overshadow any other of its varied possibilities.

Consequently, there is ample justification for more than one book about Ottawa, and Blodwin Davies has written two; but, although over twenty years have elapsed between them (the first: *The Charm of Ottawa*, McClelland & Stewart), the story she tells is much the same in each. We are told of the founding of the settlement by patriarch Philomen Wright, who migrated from New England; of the coming of Nicholas Sparks, Ira Honeywell and Bradish Billings, whose descendants are still prominent in Ottawa. Colonel John Graves Simcoe, Lords Dorchester and Dalhousie and the Duke of Richmond (who died on the job as the result of a fox-bite), appear, each in his turn, as the representative of the higher authority beyond the seas.

The first big event in the life of the future city was the building of the Rideau Canal, connecting the Ottawa river at Ottawa with Lake Ontario, at Kingston, and it was By who gave the place its first name. Men of business, Thomas MacKay, Ezra B. Eddy and John R. Booth arrived early and helped lay the foundations for the industrial background of the community, which from the start has been largely independent of the other aspects of the city's activities.

The next big event was, of course, the choice of Ottawa as the capital. Both Miss Davies' books deal almost exclusively (except for the earlier history) with this feature of the city's

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existence, almost ignoring its political and industrial life. The reader is conducted on a tour of such administrative features as the Archives, the Mint, the Museum, the National Gallery, and especially the Parliament Buildings.

Last, from the foregoing, it may seem that Miss Davies has produced two books where but one might have sufficed, it must be remembered that, twenty years ago (and too often even yet), Canadian publishers produced small editions, allowing a book to go out of print as soon as the edition was disposed of. Thus the field for a book on Ottawa was quite open. It is an interesting city with an interesting past and seems destined to a still more interesting future.

Miss Davies is easy to read, but is not as careful as she might be. Ignorant immigrants a century ago might have been excused for believing that "fevers" were caused by swamps, but no modern writer should; the head on the quarter-dollar is not that of a moose, nor does the nickel have engraved upon it a ship modelled after the Bluenose. The dukes of Argyll may, in the past, have varied the spelling of their dukedom, but it is doubtful if the name was ever spelled "Argyll"; and every school child should know that a Canadian senator is appointed, not elected. Furthermore, although it must be admitted that typographical errors are the bane of every writer, this book has far too many.

Nevertheless, since it does supply a good deal of the information that many Canadians would like to have, even though they might appreciate some which the author ignores, and since Miss Davies has pre-empted the field, apparently it is to her that one must look for the story of Ottawa, and therefore this book is recommended as the best means of getting a close-up of the national capital.

D. M. LeBourdais

EMILY CARR AS I KNEW HER: Carol Pearson; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 162; \$2.50.

Twenty years ago, when Emily Carr's pictures were getting to be known in exhibitions in Eastern Canada, wisps of rumor suggested a crotchety recluse who lived with a house full of animals, so poor she had to paint on brown paper; but still the woman who painted the Indian villages and the primeval trees of British Columbia.

Since her death her paintings have been given recognition in this country and outside of it too: her books have been published, and a good deal of her warm and complex personality is being revealed. Now Carol Pearson adds to the story. She lived with Miss Carr for years, first as a pupil and a child, then as a god-daughter and close friend. It is a tender and sensitive account, simply told, for Miss Pearson lays no claim to being a writer; and her quick observation makes us see the studio in 1917, Woo the money, the Belgian griffons, the parrot, the cat, the white rat, and even the field mice housed (outside) in the winter in Miss Carr's old shoes.

"Any fool can copy, child, if he tries long enough; what you are to do is *create*, get the feeling of your subject and put *that* there," Emily Carr would say, in the art lessons. Carol Pearson tells how they gathered pottery clay from cellars workmen were digging and took it home in a baby carriage, how they packed up their household and went camping and painting sixty miles north of Victoria; how Emily Carr devised a trailer studio for going into the woods when her weak heart forbade camp life. It is an intimate little book, with a fine introduction by Kathleen Coburn, and one feels grateful to them both for it.

Helen Frye

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